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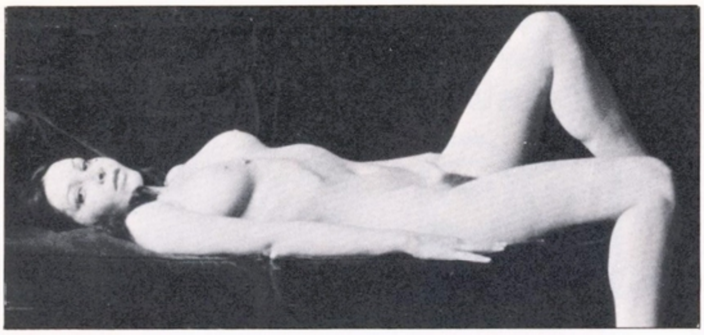
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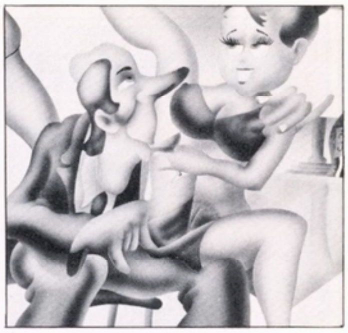
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MAYFAIR

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SHE'S YOURS FOR A MONTH

IN MAYFAIR'S GREAT 1973 COLOUR CALENDAR

During this year over 100,000 men have had the pleasure and enjoyment of a Mayfair 1972 calendar on their wall. Next year's colourful production is even better than before. Again we have hand-picked twelve of our most gorgeous and sophisticated sexy photographs for you to have on your wall during the months of 1973. Yes, Mayfair's 1973 colour calendar is not to be missed. It's ready now, so don't be late.

Each calendar comes to you by return post in its own plain box envelope, so it cannot be bent or folded in the post. Price? Only 75p plus 10p postage and packing.

But be warned. Stocks will not last. All calendar publishers print less than the demand so none are left when the new year starts. So don't waste a minute in making your date with these twelve delicious girls. Leave it till December and you may be too late. Get yours now.

Please send me................copies of the 1973 Mayfair Calendar. I enclose cheque/postal order for

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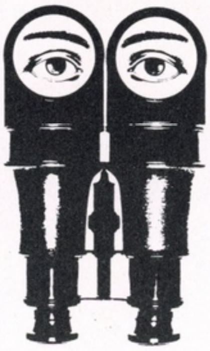
Each calendar comes in its own plain envelope

SCENE



Mayfair Magazine,
95A Chancery Lane,
London WC2A 1DZ

This is the second great 100-page issue of Mayfair to come off the presses and if while flicking through it you get the impression there's girls galore then you're quite right.

We've found four glorious girls this month – all different – because we know how varied your tastes in dollies can be. So there's something in this issue to turn everybody on – from sultry Suzie Croyden to Greta Goddard who looks like she was created in a Rubens painting. Blonde Jill, with her fine breasts and prominent nipples will appeal to more than just those who find petite playful girls are the greatest, and there's centre girl Annabel. Outwardly warm and friendly but those appealing eyes and jet-black hair conceal a dangerously hot sensuality.

Nightlife and its variety of forms features prominently in this issue too. Our ubiquitous after dark man Kenneth Dowd has been touring the topless clubs of London recently and his expert's guide on page 26 features eight of these establishments where the pleasures of this world can be enjoyed together. What better a combination than good food, good wine and the fine breasts of a girl could one wish for? His conclusion is that the topless side of London's nightlife has got a firm hold.

Could we be heading for the day when one can order what breasts one would like to accompany one's meal. 'Would you like 36 or 37 sir, or may I recommend the full-bodied 38?'

These are clubs for the connoisseur of the female figure. For those who like a little extra there's the section of London's nightlife commonly referred to as clip-joints and these form the subject of our feature on page 60 of this issue. Clip-joints are often looked down upon and scorned, but they do have a definite function. Their great advantage is that you can walk into them knowing full well that the girls are there to be had – but only if you can afford them. If it's a girl you're after for the night, as distinct from evening, then don't go into a clip-joint with less than £60 in your pocket that you're prepared to spend. In fact a hundred would be safer. An expensive way to lay? Yes, but if you've got the money it can be a great relief to go into a place knowing you will come out with a girl without having to go through the will she, won't she, your place or mine rigmarole. Just remember what these clubs are there for, and be careful – the waiters are usually quite large!

Another aspect of the club scene is gambling. Since the Gaming Board tightened its control casinos have dwindled in number, except for the de Vere Club in Kensington which funnily enough, introduced gambling after the Board adopted its hard-line.

The club was opened originally by Jim Brewer for the Kensington drinking, rugger/cricketer hairies to knock back pints and take their talent to. When the gaming board put the clamp on the freebooting style of operation Brewer applied for a gambling licence and, much to his surprise and everyone else's, got it. Apparently the police liked him. A local lad who ran a club. No trouble.

The de Vere opened in October 1970 as a gambling club, and now, with the acquisition of the premises next door it has become enlarged and this month a smooth little restaurant will be opened to go with the bar and colour television. What hasn't changed, surprisingly enough, are the clientele. The crowd is still young, and there is a nice atmosphere. The croupiers are attractive young girls and it's 'No more bets please,' not 'Rien ne va plus.'

And the strange thing, for a casino, is that many go just to drink upstairs, have a snack and watch television!

Havana Club

The genuine Cuban light rum...

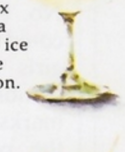
If you like a light dry rum in your cola have you ever tried the real thing? Not your fault if you haven't, because for many years the real thing hasn't been available: the genuine white rum from Cuba.

Well now you don't have to compromise. Because Havana Club is in the shops. The white rum with the authentic Cuban taste. Bottled in Havana. For you to mix with cola. Orange juice. In a daiquiri or mulata.

So no more compromises. Comprende?

...what every Cuba Libre has been missing for years.

SCHOONER
Put 2 or 3 ice cubes in a tall glass, add 2 measures of Havana Club. Twist lemon rind over the ice; put it in the glass and fill with fresh fruit juice: grapefruit, orange, etc.



DAIQUIRI
Dissolve 1 tsp sugar in the juice of a fresh lemon, mix with 1 measure of Havana Club. Blend with crushed ice and serve in a champagne glass. Add a twist of lemon.

MULATA
Mix equal parts of Havana Club and Cinzano Rosso. Stir with ice, strain and serve in a cocktail glass. Twist orange rind over the drink and place in the glass. Garnish with a cherry.

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LETTERS

This is where we invite you to add to the controversy and the anecdote of Mayfair. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

The following is an actual advertisement that appeared in the *Nottingham Weekly Courant* of November 26, 1717. What would the advertising boys and their code of practice make of this one today?

'Any able Young Man, strong in the Back and endow'd with a good Carnal Weapon with all the appurtenances thereto belonging in good repair, may have half-a-Crown per night, a pair of clean sheets and other necessaries, to perform Nocturnal Services on one Sarah Yates, whose husband having for these nine months past lost the use of his Peacemaker, the unhappy woman is thereby driven to the last Extremity.'

R. Whittington, Ilkeston

Mlle E.M. of Ruven, France (Vol. 7, No. 8) is absolutely right about the shaving of pubic hair.

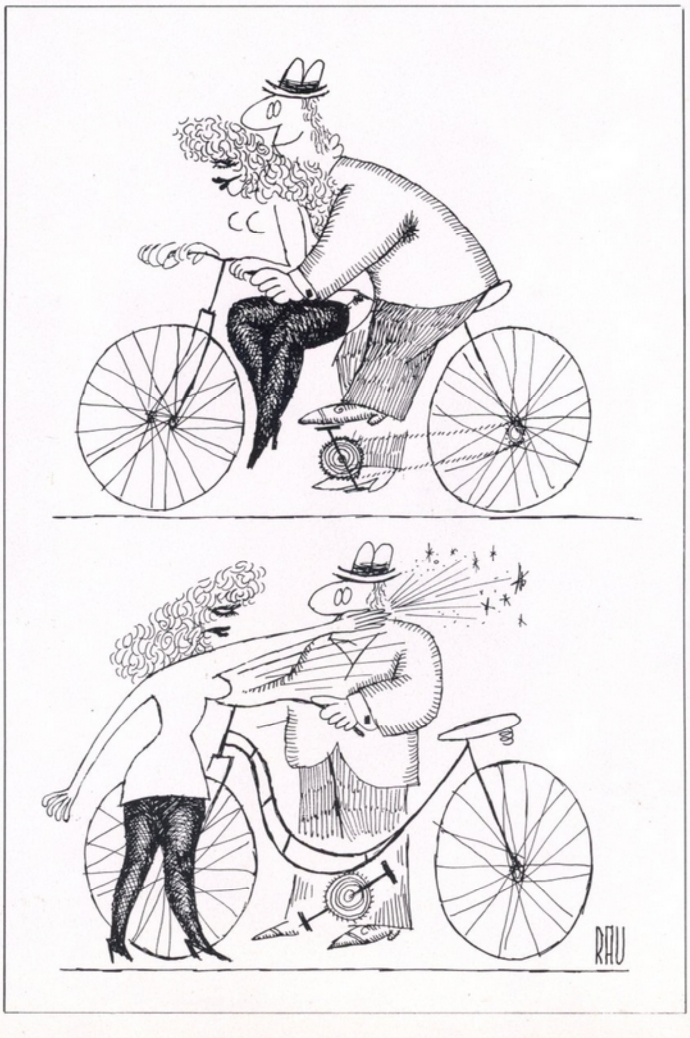
Her letter must offer hope to us all that the female genitals may eventually be shown – both in reality and photographs – in their true beauty. No doubt it is a great achievement that magazines like *Mayfair* may now show unretouched photographs of girls in natural and uninhibited poses. Nevertheless, pubic hair is becoming rather tedious, effectively covering as it does the delightful topography of the female genitals. Mlle E.M. is right. What is more beautiful and essentially feminine in the body of a lovely girl than the soft and luscious contours of her mons veneris and her labia? Admittedly, Mlle E.M. and others who would copy her have a problem. It is difficult for a girl effectively to shave her own pubic hair. I have known many girls who have tried, unsuccessfully, to do so. My advice to Mlle E.M. and others is not to go to the painful extreme of wax depilation, but to get a man to shave their pubis as a preliminary to lovemaking. Men are used to shaving. Women are not, and nothing can be more exciting both for the man and the woman than for the man to shave the woman's genitals. Properly done, the woman's genitals are satin smooth before intercourse, and not only physically but aesthetically perfect.

G. M. Pawsey, Medway Road, Culcheth, Warrington, Lancashire

After, you with the razor.

Your nudes are fine, but how about featuring some wearing glasses occasionally? This is not a fetish with me, but I am absolutely certain of the erotic quality in the sight of a girl nude, except for her glasses (and perhaps other unnecessary items like gloves or shoes).

B. Wills, Chatsworth Road, Portsmouth, Hants



How dare you tantalise us with that brief description of 'plump Gerd Tinglum, a 20-year old blonde' in Scene, Vol. 7, No. 9? Surely you just can't leave it at that. What about a picture?

B.K., Selly Park Road, Birmingham.

As good as done!

I read with interest Martin Windrow's article on the Messerschmitt Me 163 Komet (Vol. 7, No. 9) and especially his introductory remarks concerning aircraft which have dived into well-deserved obscurity. One of the most interesting facts about the Indian Marut and the Egyptian Helouan is that the former was designed by Kurt Tank, the designer of the wartime Focke-Wulf FW190, and the latter by Willi Messerschmitt.

As Mr Windrow says, the Komet was not the safest of aeroplanes, and it was intended to replace it with the Me 263 which featured, among other refinements, a conventional retractable undercarriage.

The Komet was by no means the strangest weapon in the Luftwaffe's arsenal. Other strange, but sometimes successful types included the Dornier Do 335 push-pull tandem-engined fighter, the Mistel composite aircraft, the Heinkel He 162 Volksjager jet, intended for Hitler youth pilots with more enthusiasm than experience, the Bachem Natter which was designed to descend by parachute at the end of every sortie after the pilot had abandoned it and, perhaps the strangest of all, the tiny Blohm and Voss Bv 40 glider aircraft. This was intended to be towed to a high altitude and then cast off to wreak havoc with the Allied bombers who, because of its small frontal area, would not see it coming until too late.

Should anyone doubt it, all of these aircraft existed and could perhaps be featured in future articles.

David J. Hasdell, Catchfrench Manor, Trerulefoot, Saltash, Cornwall

Having once seen Mayfair at a distance in a former girlfriend's flat I believed it to be a woman's magazine but last week I was browsing at a bookstall and realised that it was no such thing. In fact I was quite pleasantly surprised and now have a standing order.

May I congratulate you on your choice of girls in Vol. 7, No. 8. I am amazed that you could find three so different girls and put them in one edition. All of them get full marks for showing interest in the person looking at their photographs, unlike other publications where the girls seem to be more interested in themselves.

Statistically, Angelina had the

turn to page 9

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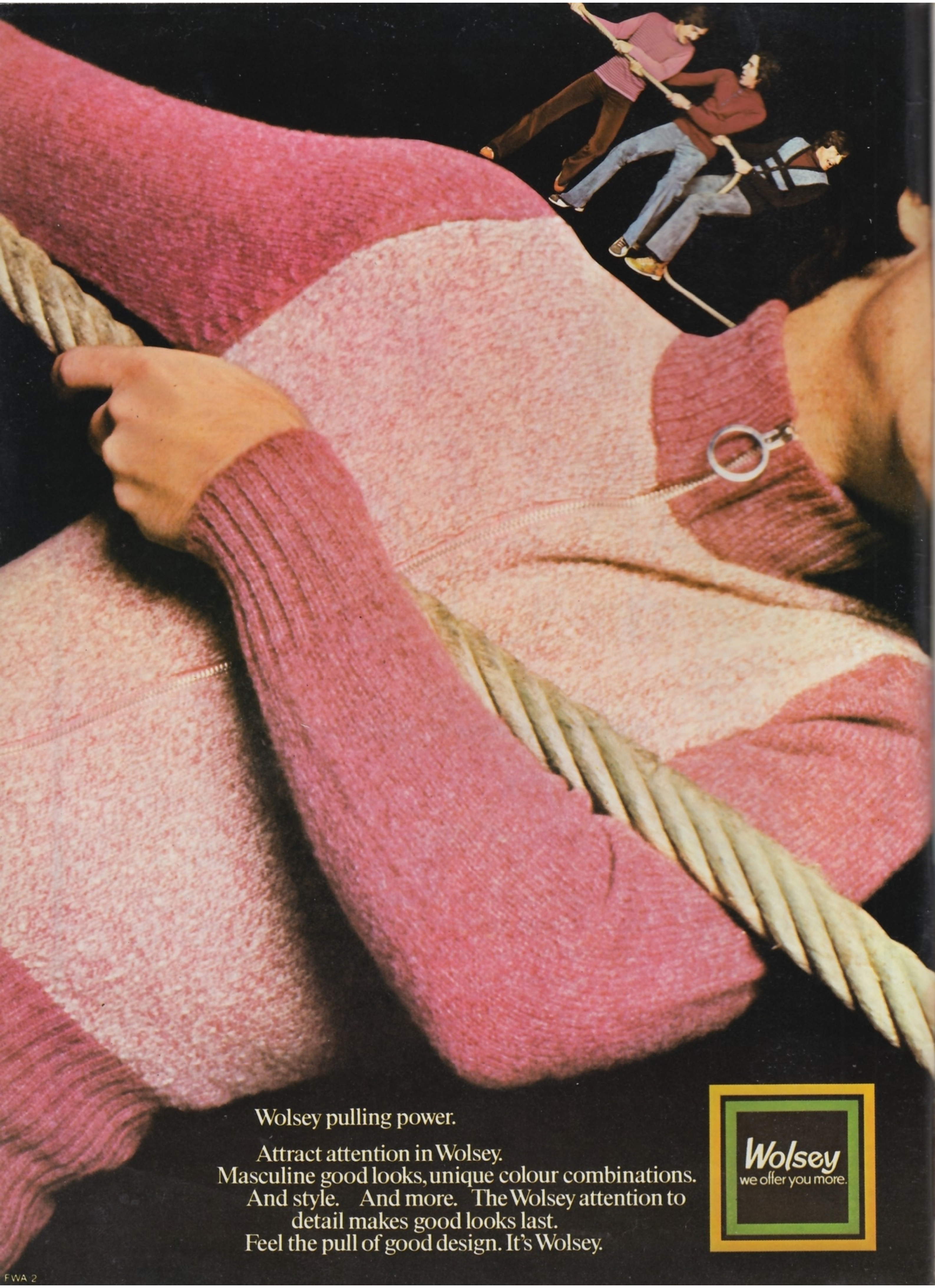


Wolsey pulling power.

Attract attention in Wolsey.
Masculine good looks, unique colour combinations.
And style. And more. The Wolsey attention to
detail makes good looks last.
Feel the pull of good design. It's Wolsey.

Wolsey
we offer you more.

FWA 2

LETTERS

continued from page 6

best figure for me and looked just that little bit afraid that one wanted to protect her. Paula, on the other hand, is just about the sexiest girl I've ever seen in a magazine and, strangely enough, at her sexiest when fully dressed. She obviously knows what it's all about and has all the attributes one would love in a mistress.

But of all three it was Sammy who fascinated me. Statistically she may not be the greatest but she is by far the most beautiful. She may be as daring as her poses but she looks so virginal that when one hides her body one sees a really angelic face.

I am a confirmed bachelor of nearly 40 but if I come across a girl like Sammy I'll marry her. There aren't so many about who can ooze sexual attraction and still look gloriously innocent.

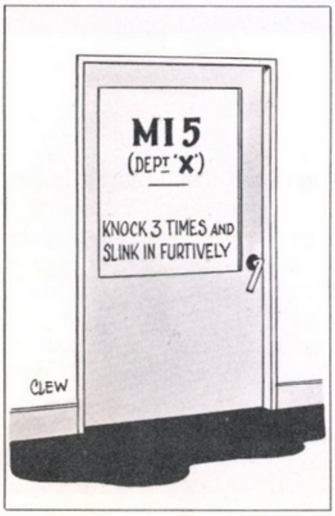
T.J.C., Savigny, France

May I congratulate you on the new issue, Vol. 7, No. 8?

The photographs of the girls are fantastic, particularly the sequence of Paula in her black gown and Angelina's golden fleece. Ronald Cobb is magnificent as usual.

With regard to the stories, none has reached the quality of Landreth Leaper's *View of Delft* in Vol. 6, No. 8. By its combination of strong eroticism and romanticism, it was the best story I have ever read in your magazine, or magazines like it. Probably it is very hard to find stories of equal merit but I hope you will. Carrie is delightful, and I am looking forward to seeing more of her happy love life. But do not fall in love with her – kill her off after a year or so and find another girl with different looks and different thighs. In the field of cartoon adventure too, one likes changes.

B.C.F. (Name and address withheld)


MI5
(DEPT 'X')
KNOCK 3 TIMES AND SLINK IN FURTIVELY
CLEW

Concerning Paula in Vol. 7, No. 8. Why, oh why was this beautiful female not shown in poses like the one on page three? That would have been far more beautiful and artistic so please, let's have more of her.

By the way, I agree with Mike George's letter about those shoes. I'm a fan of stilettos myself, but on the right bird.

D. R. Coomber, c/o Melbourne Casino, Nedham Street, Leicester

As a reader of *Mayfair* I would like to say how much I like the photographs of Margaret, the lovely lass from the Lake District in Vol. 7, No. 9. She's just the sort of girl I would like to spend a night in bed with.

Edwin Turton, Solihull, Warwickshire

I would like to congratulate you on your super girls.

Angelina in Vol. 7, No. 8 has the most fantastic body and golden hair I have ever seen. Her large erect nipples and soft silky look are a delight to the eyes. But please, could we have more close-ups of girls' bottoms? I am sure that Angelina has super buttocks, but she does not display them properly in any picture.

L. Tyndall, Brighton

I have been a regular buyer of *Mayfair* for about two years, during which time I have been pleased to see its quality and popularity improve steadily. In passing I can confirm the experience of your other correspondents who state that you have several times more readers than buyers. Thus it seems a pity that your latest feature, Carrie, is of a rather poor quality. The idea of such a strip-girl was certainly a good one, but I feel the execution is somewhat lacking. The humour in the situations she gets into is somewhat thin compared to the high standard elsewhere in the magazine. The drawings are not as erotic as Ronald Cobb's, though I admit this would be hard to achieve, or as expressive as

turn to page 14

Our Bank Manager's gone mildly continental

The other day he offered me an overdraft in francs, was seen trampling grapes in Mr. Smith's grocery shop and has taken to wearing beads in the office.

It must be those HB Crown cigarettes he's taken to smoking.

Some of Mr. Smith's Grapes.

They say they've got this mildly continental taste. And it's a fact that they're blended by W.D. & H.O. Wills in a special continental way, from fine Virginia and smooth air-cured tobaccos.

HB Crown are gentle, mild and smooth. A King Size blend, not very different from the cigarettes you're used to, with a pleasant trace of the continental in them.

A little something that makes them special. A little oo-la-la, that's a pleasant change.

Filter Kings
Crown
HB
Continental Blend

Go mildly continental with the mild continental blend.

HB
CROWN

30p for 20
recommended price.

HB4A

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By their very explicitness, the pictures in this book will shock many. We do not wish to offend Book Club members who may find this book too frank and we warn purchasers of its very revealing nature

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M711

DANGER: WOMEN LAUGHING

Giggles can ruin sex as the boys found when the camera caught them both dangling and unawares . . .

Fiction by George Lewis

Charlie Fanshaw and Gilbert Booker shared a boat, a sailing affair not to be confused with Gypsy Moth but perfect for messing about in and one weekend Charlie took his cine-camera down and set it up to take pictures of themselves for nothing but giggles. The whole point was that the camera was to be forgotten and when there was this sudden wind that made the boat imitate a cork they really did forget it.

They were below, drying off after a swim and when the boom-thing came swinging over they just grabbed their sweaters and went to work – you know, hopping about and grabbing ropes and sails and shouting and dodging and heaving and loving every minute of it and the camera went whirring on and then did whatever cameras do when the film is finished and after a bit they remembered and unscrewed it and the next day Charlie sent the film away and when it came back he phoned Gilbert. If you're coming over I'll put it in the projector and set the screen up and Gilbert said fine about eight and while Charlie was doing it Gilbert phoned back to say as you were I've to meet two girls off a plane and would he come they were friends of the boss's daughter be a pal and Charlie said it's the American board tomorrow so it'll have to be an early night and your car and there they were at the airport how will you know them said Charlie. We'll just look for two women who look as if they're expecting to be met and it's the boss who said girls and his daughter was a nurse in the war so you might as well stop drooling so when they saw these two shockingly beautiful girls they knew they weren't them but half their attention had to go to try and see who *was* meeting them but the girls kept coming and Suelo was tallish and blonde and pretty and Sadie was smallish and dark and pretty and if you were under seventy-seventy-five? whether homo or hetero (and Charlie and Gilbert were hetero in spades, poor boys) and Suelo was walking towards you you'd murmur Oh mamma buy me that but if Sadie was just behind her you'd murmur

turn to page 35

ILLUSTRATION BY TERRY PASTOR

Stop thinning hair changing to baldness

This man's hair is thinning. As the old hair falls out it is not being replaced. This happens when the hair root becomes clogged and the follicle chokes.

But baldness is not inevitable. The scalp disorders most commonly causing baldness can be treated successfully. At the Roney Clinic trained analysts examine specimens of your own hair.

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LETTERS

continued from page 9

those by Caz, which I find remarkable for such a simple and small format.

However, I will forgive you all this provided I win the 'spot the difference' competition included in Carrie's second adventure. That poor farm gate goes through at least four changes in getting from one page to the next.

R. J. G. Cutler, Deerleap, Wotton, Dorking, Surrey

We promise not to do it again, touch wood.

Just a very quick note:
One of praise.
For a girl whose looks must amaze.
Minis, bra, pants and stays,
Should become the latest craze.
Carry on Carrie!
Yes I like it, and I think you've got a winner there.

B.L.S., Purley, Surrey

I congratulate your artist on creating Carrie, your new fantasy strip.

The technical execution is superb, and I found the first instalment far more stimulating than the customary photographic offerings and montages purveyed hitherto. A nice blend of expertise, subtlety and licence has resulted in true visual art, and the voluptuousness of the girl's poses could hardly be bettered.

I would remark that the heroine's little dark-haired friend seems to have great possibilities also – I trust that she will not miss out every time, and that your artist will not restrict himself to entirely heterosexual situations.

A.K.B., Bournemouth.

What are you doing? Your Sunday Times nude? Couldn't you do better than that with her breasts down to her navel and quite crooked legs?

And my God! Paula Darrington. She's got tits like cannonballs – and by the look of them just as hard – a rump like a Suffolk Punch horse, and her pubic hair? Moth-eaten in the left groin I would say.

Let's have more girls like bunny Eileen who appeared in Vol. 7, No. 6.

(Full name and address withheld)

I write, I am sure, on behalf of many thousands of English yeomen who are proud to number themselves among a host of British Bum Fanciers. Our minds are naturally troubled by the 'con-job' recently perpetrated by your otherwise blameless publication. I refer, of course, to the Great Mayfair Bum Hoax of 1972.

Having whetted much more than appetites with your recent 'puff' in the quality press, followed by a reprint in an earlier issue, it must have been obvious that a lot more than tongues would be hanging out in anticipation of the centre-page spreading of the incredible Kathryn Maynard.

Imagine therefore the consternation of a million bum fanciers to see the type of shots which have become common since the pubes went public.

Kate obviously has a fantastic stern section, but due in no small part to your half-assed presentation, we didn't see the bloody thing!

How about a follow-up. Only then will the followers of the Great Gluteus Maximus sleep easy in their beds.

M.F., Stanstead, Essex

Sorry, we boobed, but here's a compensation

I have just become a reader of Mayfair and feel I can make a contribution to the letters column.

Once when I was working in an hotel at Bexhill in Sussex, I got to know a girl in the pub just up the road. I thought she was just another female but she turned out to be a nymph. It all started when I gave her my 'phone number. She rang me and we went for a drink but when we got back to my place and we were sitting in her car having a bit of a kiss and cuddle I felt her hand on

turn to page 94

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INVICTA

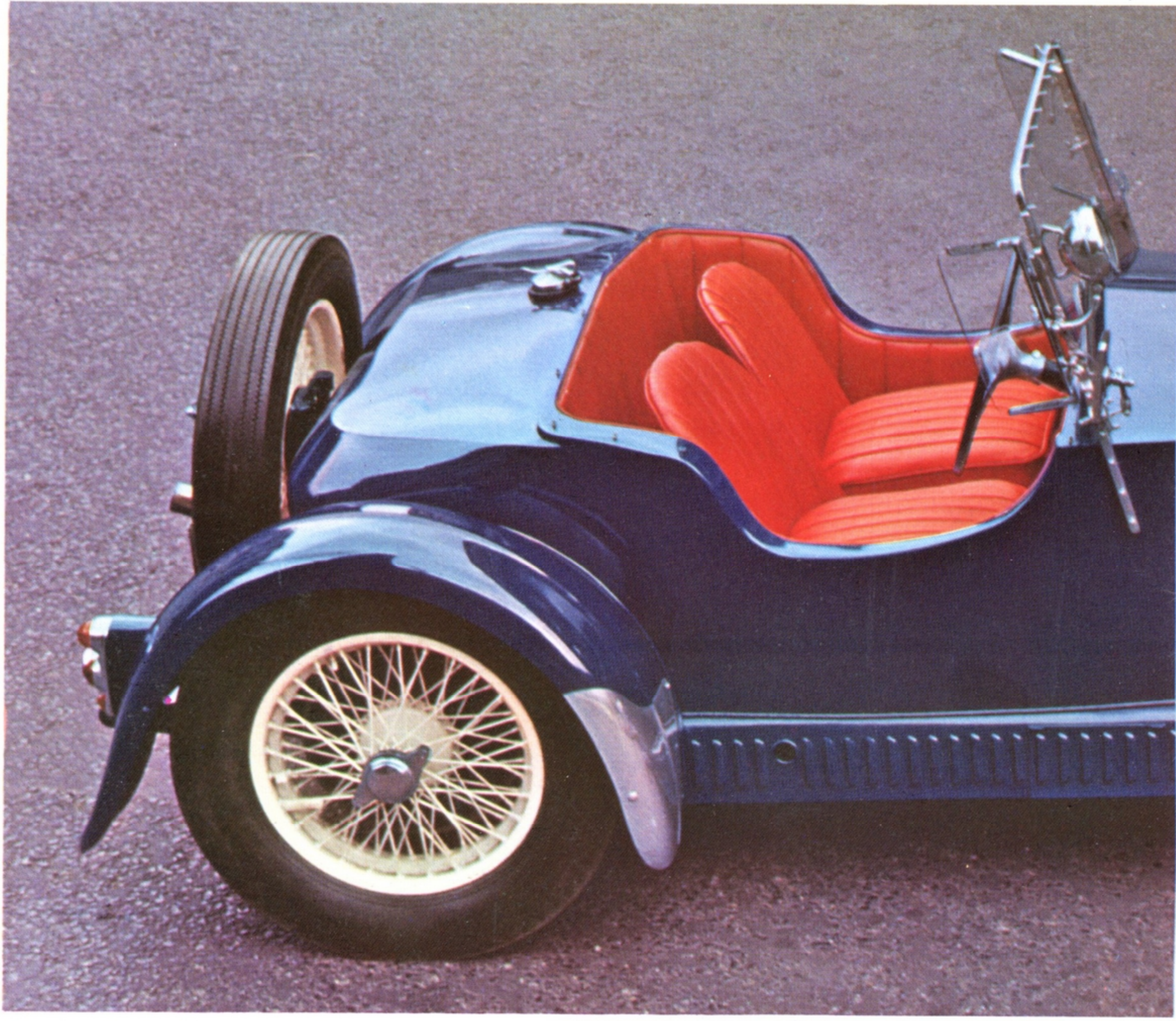
The incredible car that began with a hill climb in Guildford High Street

Motoring with WB

When the Editor asked what I knew about the Invicta I replied that it was big, heavy, and very slow, but that it made roads seem much smoother. Then I realised he wasn't meaning a well-known brand of steam-roller. He was on about motor-cars again, and in possession of some colourful portraits of those long-nosed cars with rivets all down their bonnets, like a Rolls-Royce.

I remember the Invicta when it was so accelerative that you looked first at the 0-60, 0-70, 0-80 mph times in the *Motor Sport* road-test reports, before consulting the maximum speed figure. That was with the handsome high-chassis 4½-litre like the one shown here. Not long afterwards youthful words virtually failed, when the exciting low-chassis Invicta of the same engine size was announced. It was truly low to the ground, it possessed flexible outside exhaust pipes like an SSK Mercedes, a tiny little radiator, the riveted bonnet, and a purposeful slab fuel tank at its back-end. This one was called the '100 mph' Invicta, but again acceleration was its purpose in life.

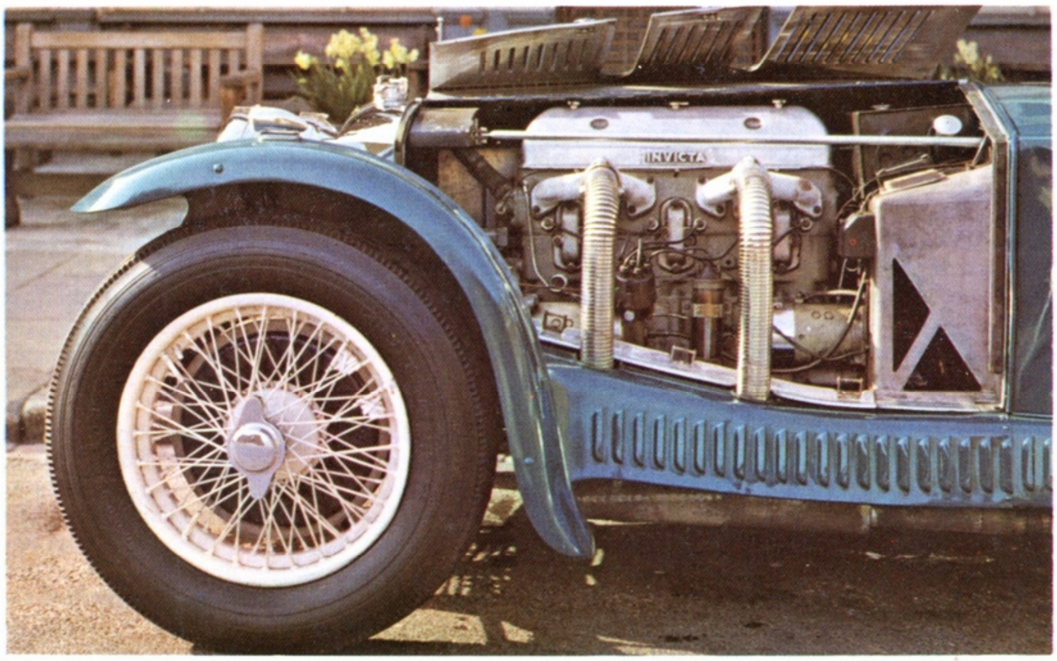
Like other low-slung cars it was said to spin off road or track all too quickly without prior warning. It was the luckless 'Sammy' Davis who had a really big crash in one during a Mountain-circuit race at Brooklands. Shortly before he had been impressing novelist Gilbert Frankau during some demonstration laps by reaching across his illustrious pas-

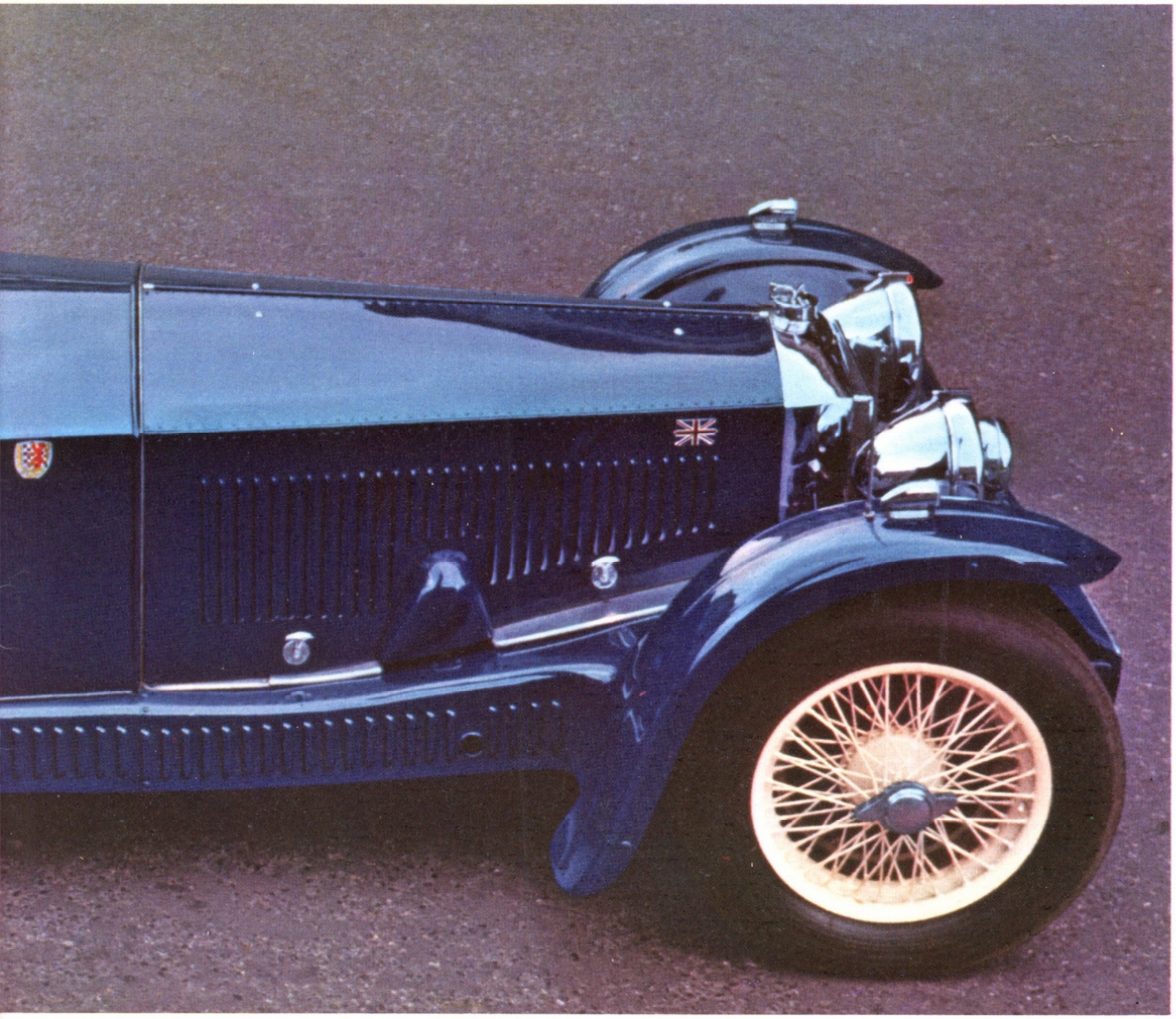


This high-chassis, 4½*-litre model is a fine example of the Invicta motor car, once renowned for its acceleration and* senger to shut the near-side door as they zoomed up the steep banking in a climbing turn. . . . It was by zooming *down* the same banking out of control that the sports-racing Invicta broke Davis' thigh. Apart from being painful, this was distinctly awkward, because he was (a) Sports Editor of *The Autocar* and (b) was just about to drive a potent Austin for the works.

As compensation, 'Sammy' was able to finish his classic book *Motor Racing* while in hospital. When he emerged, he was given an Invicta saloon by the chastened manufacturer, but a little 1½-litre one which, apart from being unlikely to zoom off bankings, could scarcely skin a rice-pud.

Obviously these Invictas were





ruggedness. Above, the Meadows engine. One model had the service data on a polished plate on the shapely valve cover cars of some character, as well as being good to gaze upon. They had their humble origin under the influence of motor racing enthusiast Sir Noel Macklin, who had a house in Cobham, Surrey in 1920 and whose son, Lance, was much later to become a well-known racing driver.

Sir Noel tried his hand at modest car manufacture but his Eric-Campbell and subsequent Silver Hawk both failed financially, after doing quite well on the circuits. A chance remark by a friend's wife, to the effect that swopping cogs in crash gearboxes seemed beyond her ability, is said to have sparked off another Macklin venture – a car which could be driven with a minimum of gear shifting.

He met the challenge that such a car should be able not only to ascend, but also start on, the then-notorious Guildford High Street incline. He built six cars to the successful pattern. This led on to the first of the Invictas, using a 2½-litre six-cylinder engine supplied by Meadows of Wolverhampton, and, come to think of it, having a radiator very similar to a Silver Hawk's, and those rivets down the edges of the bonnet. A handsome car, as I have said, with a nice engine compartment full of albeit simple push-rod, SU-fed machinery, with the servicing data on a polished plate on the shapely valve cover.

Top gear running and remarkable acceleration for its era were the hall-marks of these slim Invictas from Cobham. They were assembled from divers well-tried proprietary components, but so were many cars in those far-away times. They were not cheap, the 1925 2½-litre Invicta chassis being priced at not much under £600. They were slow—60 mph being about all an artillery-wheeled tourer could make.

Probably this was what inspired Macklin to bore out the engines to 3-litres, and thus give his incredible top-gear car some real urge. The firm worked on the proverbial shoe-lace, was highly individual, and was helped enormously, publicity-wise, by two remarkable sisters.

This girlie-story starts with mild motor racing forays by a girl called Violet Cordery, in Sir Noel's earlier makes. Then, come 1926, she and five others went to Monza in Italy with a 3-litre Invicta fabric tourer and took records of up to 15,000 miles, the British car, unheard of among the Alfas and Fiats, knocking up over 55 mph for the entire distance, although it had to be mended after one of its drivers had, not surprisingly, fallen asleep and pranged it.

Not satisfied by this long stint of boring speed, Violet went to Brooklands, much nearer home and the Invicta base, and, setting the RAC officials to watch her, covered 5,000 miles at better than 70 mph. It won Invictas the Dewar Trophy for the most meritorious performance of the year. So. the Invicta Company was on the way, under the control of a man who later made his mark with gunboats and prefabricated houses.

He had Miss Cordery to thank for some more astonishing performances. Restless after a five months' 10,000-mile World tour in a 3-litre tourer, which took in Africa, India, Australia, the United States and Canada, she planned, two years later in 1929, to put 30,000 miles into 30,000 minutes, driving round and round the long-suffering Brooklands track. Using a standard 4½-litre Meadows-engined tourer she was successful. Indeed, her Invicta averaged 61.57 mph, in spite of being stationary for five hours for routine attention.

If not many Invictas were made, they could not escape being famous and their six-cylinder power units were a foil for the slogging 'fours' of the even more famous Bentleys. Moreover, with the 4½-litre Meadows engine installed in the light chassis, the Invicta really went places, quickly. It was now a 90 mph car, which had appeared in the summer of 1928, the engine specially prepared for it by Meadows, who had in the Cobham firm a good and enduring customer. It was a long-stroke engine of 88½ × 120 mm. bore and stroke and it would take the car up hills like Pebblecombe without coming off top speed, although there was a good right-hand-change four-speed box, and you could keep in third gear up to 75 mph.

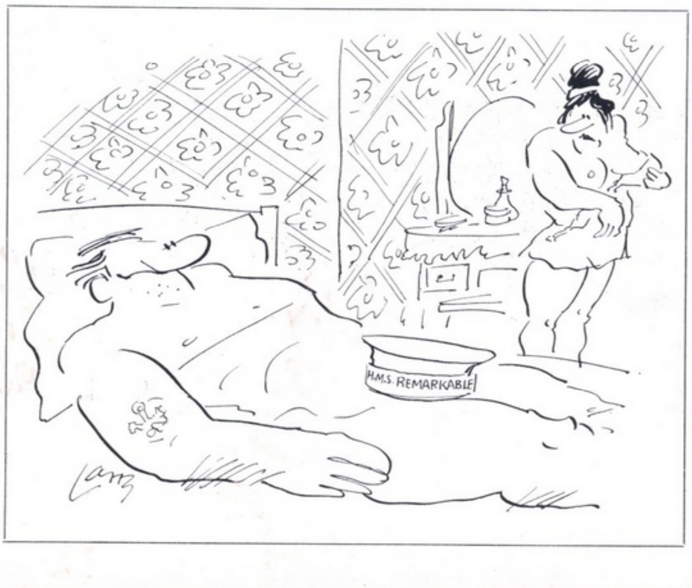
Here was a fine tool for Violet to play with. Her sister Evelyn had been coaxed into sharing some of the Dewar dicery and now, in 1930, here was the more motor-minded sister stunting to emphasise the Invicta's claim to being an unburstable car. She took one from London to Monte Carlo and back locked in third gear, varied this by driving up to John-o'-Groats and back in second gear, then elected to make London-Edinburgh-London in *bottom* gear, and then, back to the topcog reputation, got the RAC to see her eleven times round an 11-mile London traffic route in the Invicta's highest ratio. Think of this when the next little jaunt to collect mother-in-law seems boring beyond endurance! Only with difficulty was the intrepid and motor-loving Miss Cordery persuaded not to drive for 25 miles round Brooklands, *in reverse*. . . .

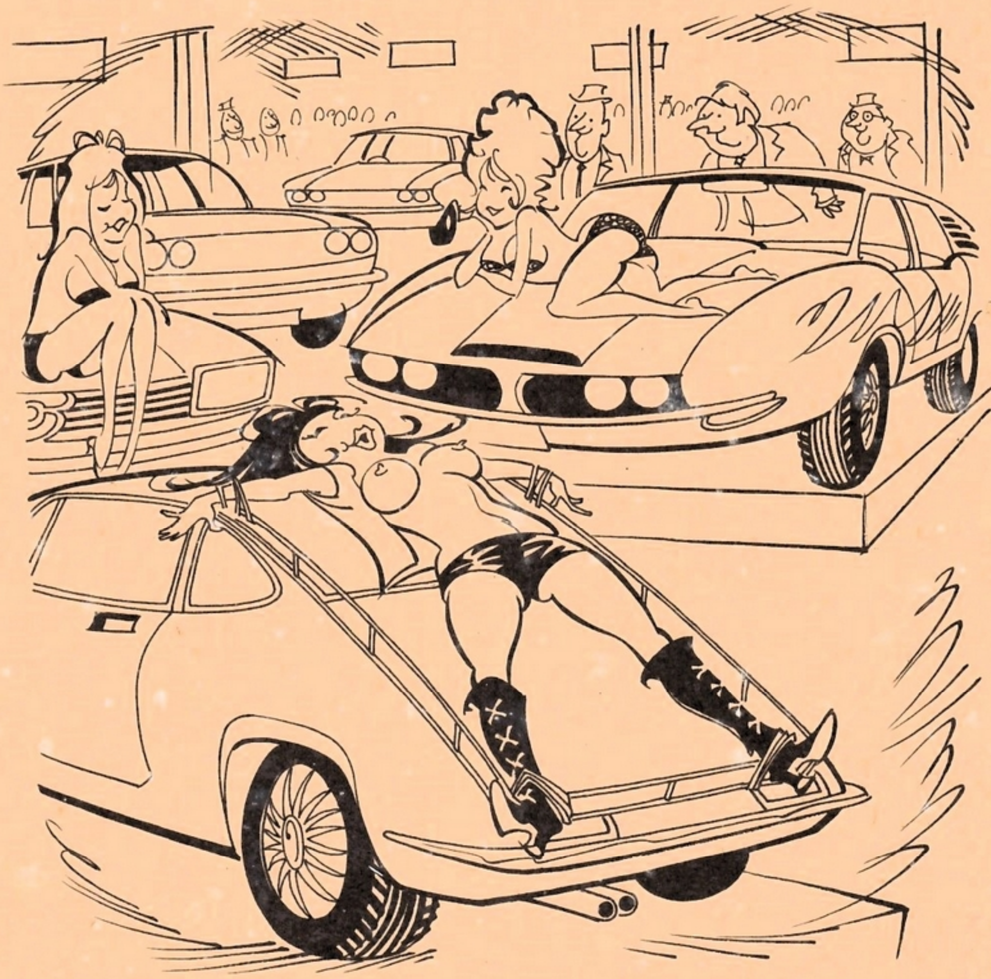
There you have a bit of the background of this unusual, likeable but now largely forgotten make of car. By 1930 slump-surrounded, only the 4½-litre model was made, but Invicta contrived big price concessions the following year, when a saloon could be had, and a Mulliner saloon at that, for as little as £765. It was now, just at the turn of the vintage years, that W. G. J. Watson evolved the aforesaid low-chassis job, its side-members literally underslung at the back and the wheelbase an abbreviated 9 ft 10 in. The tourer was but 40 inches high and was a tempting purchase at a price of only £875.

These cars have a fine record of successes in the tough Alpine Trial, in races – remember blonde Mrs Lace in the TT? – and in hill-climbs. Donald Healey won the 1931 Monte Carlo Rally in one of these Invictas but used enormous tyres, diametrically, not roller-wise, to lift it off the rutted snow-bound roads of Europe. Raymond Mays used his charm to cause Crump, the Meadows' designer, to extract almost 160 bhp from the 4½-litre engine, which gave him the Shelsley Walsh sports-car record and other honours, still with commendable reliability. Learned Lord Montagu, in his 'lost causes' book, tells us that Invicta production was about 1,000 cars, of which only 50 were the low-chassis model, and of these only about 30 were made at Cobham.

It all seemed to go wrong after Invicta had turned to a small car in 1932. This was clearly recognisable as a scaled-down version of the *marque*, but gave negligible performance from a six-cylinder overhead-camshaft 57 × 98 mm. sired by the Blackburne designer, H. J. Hatch, even after the bore had been opened out to woo more poke. They tried it in supercharged form with Wilson preselector gearbox, naming it a 12/90. This, and a price of £575 for a 70 mph saloon, wasn't sufficient to catch sales in 1933. It was the end, of an adventurous and praiseworthy effort to build cars of quality, individuality and good performance.

Yet the Macklin factory survived – making Railtons, of which I remarked when these Hudson straight-eight, wafer-light, splash-lubricated things first appeared that you could buy three for the cost of the also-new 3½-litre Derby-Bentley and accelerate fractionally better. Moreover, where do you think the Railton inherited its radiator shape and those rows of neat rivets along its bonnet?

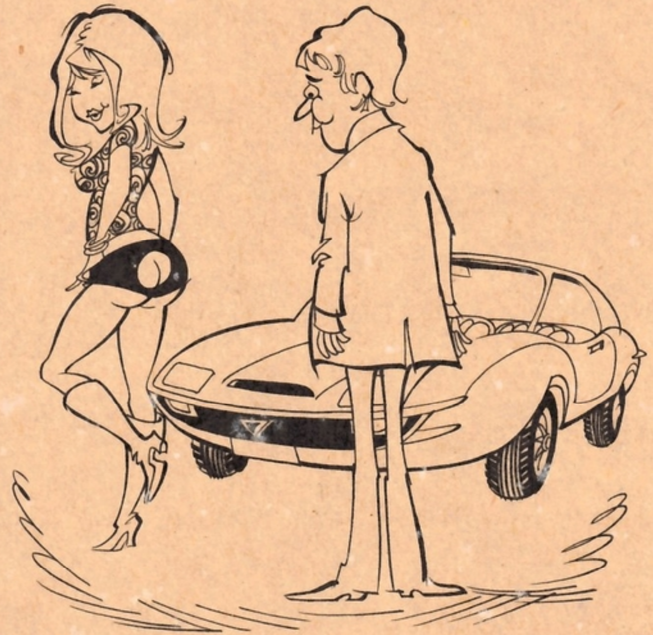




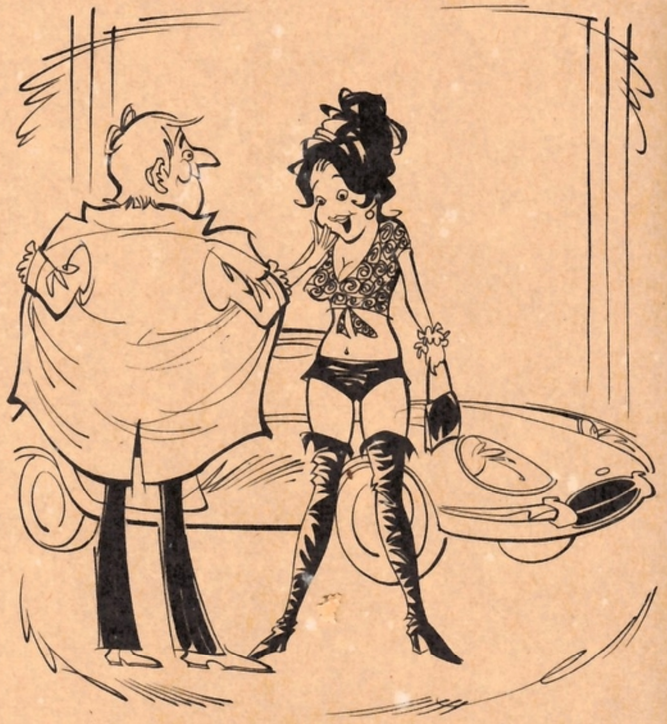
Sporty rack for your extra baggage

MOTOR SHOW MISCONCEPTIONS

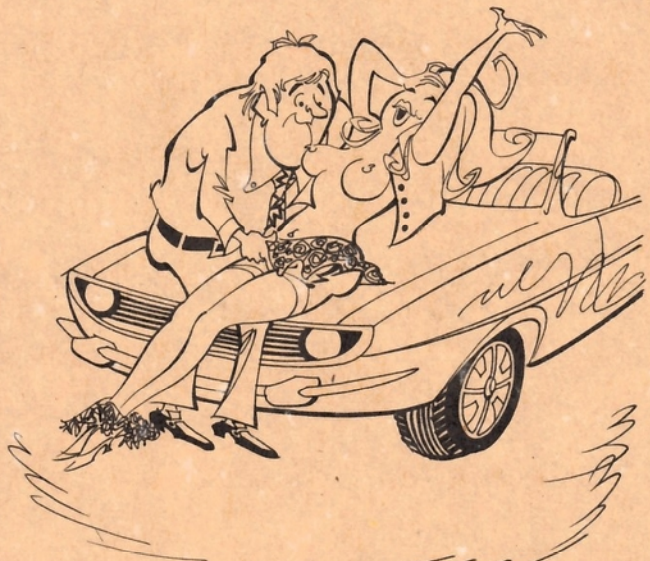
If cars are the sex symbols they are claimed to be,
then this year's selling points could be well worth looking at.
Paul White lets his erotic imagination run wild



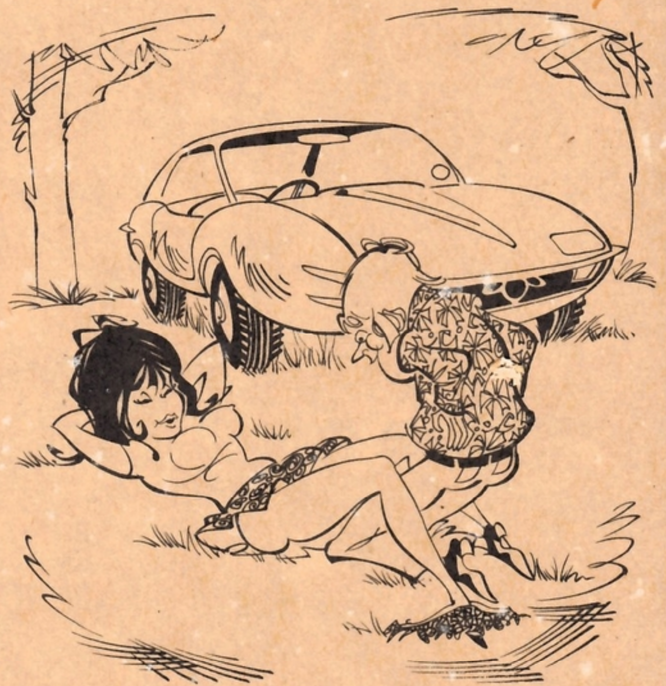
Exciting new bottom gear



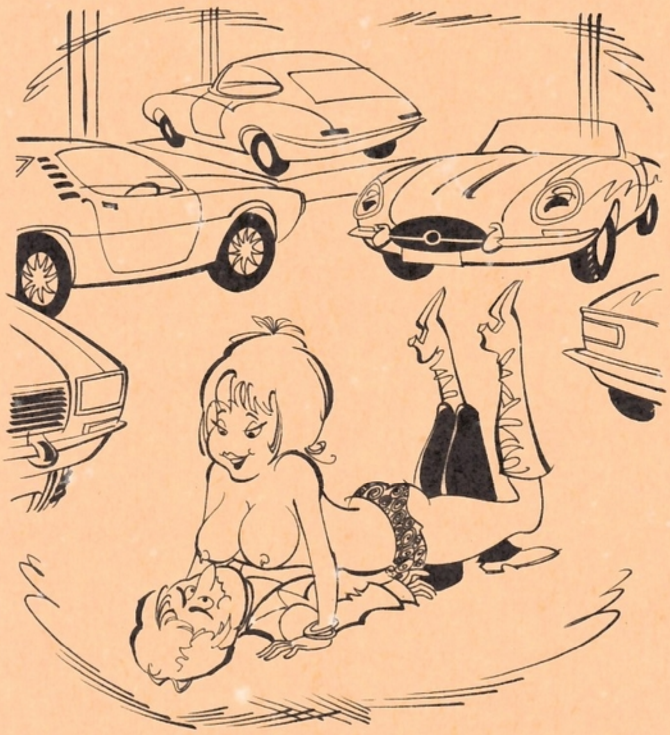
Latest flasher equipment



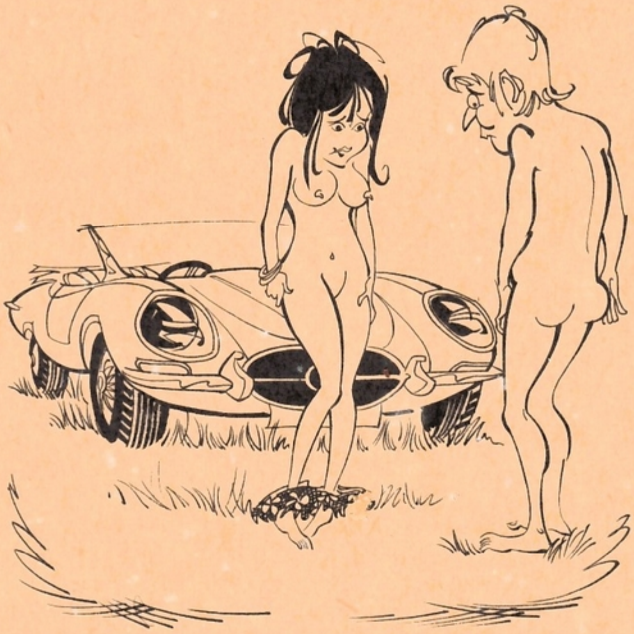
Immediate-response finger-tip control



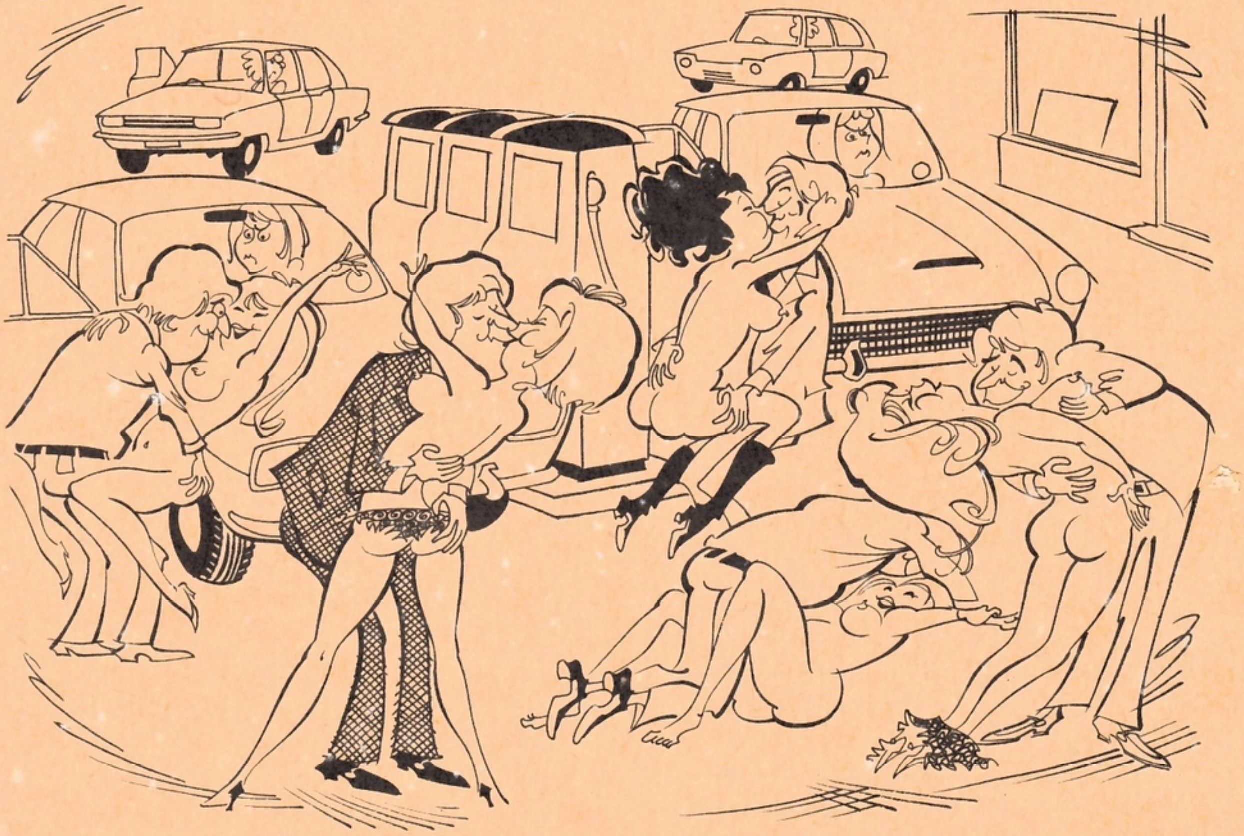
Expertly designed inlet ports



Powerful self-dipping headlights



Column collapses on impact



Unlimited spares available at special service stations

BOOKS

Arthur Pottersman

When the Pure Environment Movement meets the Sexual Revolution, the results are what every man of us could wish – in a word: earthy. For I bring you this month a tale of love *al fresco*, bodies sultry as new-mown hay, fresh and springy as green-grass turf, glands as sappy as buds . . . well, you get the general drift, I'm sure. Young love is the theme, leaving pimples and introspection far behind, coming in (at last) on a pair of bubbling hips and a fine juicy bump and grind.

Our hero is a fine young Scots lad, just seventeen, and (because the setting of the story is some 200 years ago) rather more virginal than his like today might be. His name is Calvin Heggie. His face is as pimply as that ungainly surname might suggest – his morals as corrupted as only Berwickian Puritanism can make 'em: all impure thoughts and damp dreams, when they're not outright wet. But thanks to the love of a fine pair of Red Indian lasses, Calvin improves in the new novel by Alexander Knox, **The Enemy I Kill** (Macmillan, £1·95). Regular readers may recall this author's strong saga of troilism among the Eskimaux; they'll be glad to know the pulse still throbs strong as then in this new yarn.

Calvin is a young fellow trying to make his way among traders and trappers in Canada, year 1770. He suffers from three main disadvantages in this. He's terrified of Indians, having heard too many explorers' stories. He's altogether too gawky for anyone to take him seriously. And his boss, an old-time trader, is an unjust alcoholic bum. Three tough strikes to spoil a young man's chances. But his opportunity comes, ironically, when that very same boss gives him the sack and sets him adrift, alone, in the lost vastness of unexplored Canada.

The occasion of Calvin's dismissal is really rather comic: a deliberately set-up 'ambush' by his boss's friends, with painted red-skins and all, frightened Calvin even more than they meant it to. The result: he pees all over his governor's precious bottle of whisky. But though his first reactions to being fired are rather maudlin and feeble, he suddenly fires himself with ambition. He won't go back to head office and disgrace in Montreal; he will set out on his own, with a caseful of maps purloined on the spur of the moment from his late master, and discover Canada for himself.

And it all goes well. He learns to paddle his own canoe – after several alarming moments, when it seemed he'd have to spend his life going round in circles. He successfully evades unknown (and therefore potentially hostile) Red Indians. He shoots two rabbits for his supper with a single bullet and shares the results with some friendly Indians. He even sleeps so soundly amid the pine trees as to *enjoy* an erotic dream:

'His dream was familiar and half cultivated. It concerned things warm, comfortable and female, though the individual images of breast and waist and inevitably escaping thighs were not as powerful as the subtler, undefined sensations they were part of. Suddenly his back arched and he straightened out, straining and pressing – pressing – His breathing grew harsh. He gasped and the sound woke him. Taut-voiced Presbyterian warnings of warts, pimples, impotence and madness had fought a losing battle with congested glands. He was hot. He panted. He was desperate for a companion; nevertheless when sleep resumed it was deep and long.'

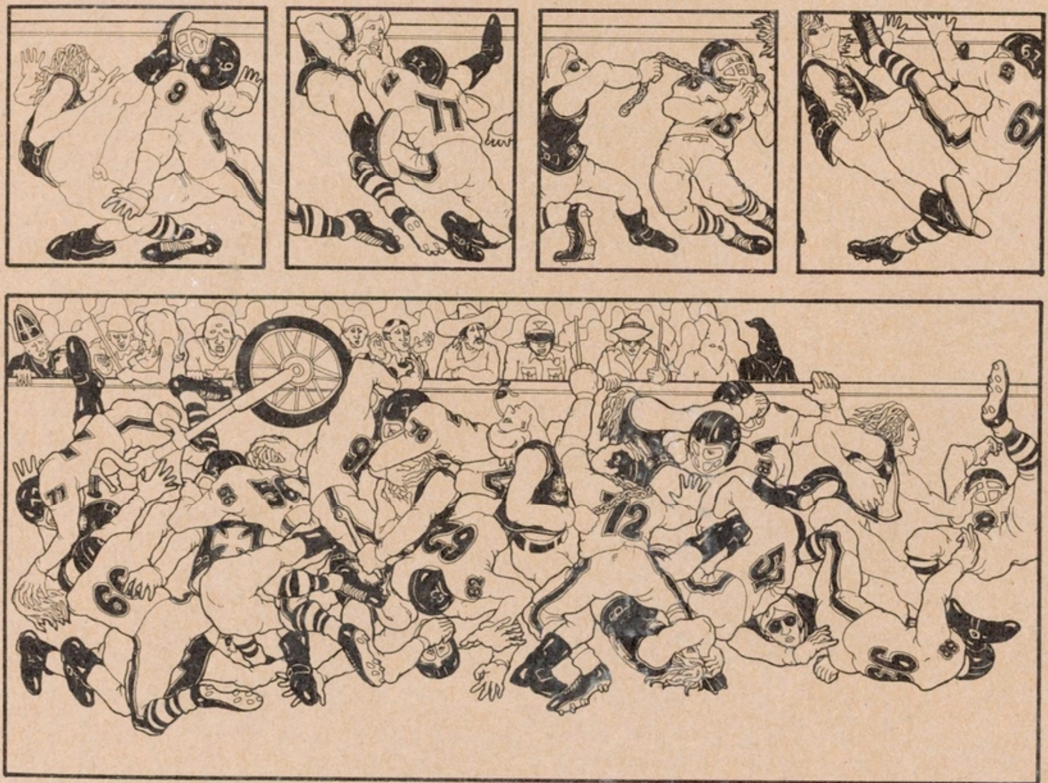
Lucky young Calvin found his companions, so hotly longed-for, but a few days further on. Sun-scorched and tingling, he's stripped naked to swim in a pure running river. When he emerges, he's startled to find that his clothes have been pinched. Then sound and movement reveals that a couple of girls are responsible for his plight . . . He chases them, to a clearing in the forest where a second white man is playing on a fife. Disgruntled, Calvin retrieves his clothes and stalks off. But he does become friendly with this wandering trio – a strong young Scots farmer and two run-away Red Indian girls, Moonluck and Kittypet . . .

And it's Moonluck who comes first to tend him, soothing his raw scorching sunburn with bear grease, an understanding young lady who persuades Calvin to take off all his clothes so that she can treat him. An understanding young lady who, when she catches him peeping at her own exposed privates, says: 'All your pimples will go too, and you won't get angry any more.'

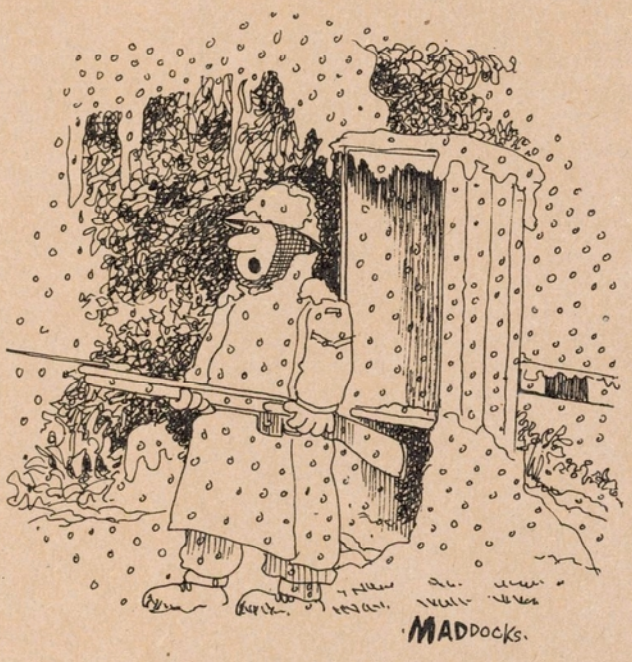
It was Moonluck, too, who, when his body was ready for further ministrations, peeled the itching skin away – while Calvin grew the most painfully throbbing erection he'd ever had, yet could not (then) relieve . . . but had to sit there under her hands making conversation until it relaxed . . .

Another sun rose and set, and there in a forest clearing, quite unplanned, Calvin returned to his new friends' camp to find them busy and unawares. There was Moonluck, too, watching, as Red, the wandering farmer, and Kittypet, made love:

'They were in a shaft of brilliant sunlight. Red, spread feet apart as wide as his shoulders was two triangles balanced, apex to apex. He held Kittypet by the waist between his hands and lifted her until she put her knees on his shoulders



An odd illustration from a very odd book: Filipino Food by Ed Badajos, Olympia Press, £1.20. It's what I would term a not quite sure book. For example, it's nothing to do with food, although I'm not quite sure. It looks like a series of drawings depicting the difficulties faced by youth in America, but I wouldn't bet on it. Heroin and violence play a big part, and there are definite sexual undertones, I think. But there is something compelling about it, so good luck if you buy it, you'll need it.



'Advance – Jesus Christ Superstar – and be recognised . . .'

and he rooted his bearded face between her belly and her breasts. He had to lean back to lift and hold her, and his knees were slightly bent, thighs smooth as the back of a dolphin.

'His feet were planted in sand at the edge of the water, so that rippling reflected light was added to the shaft of sun they bathed in and they became one golden marvel. Red was powerful, but to lower the girl slowly enough to aim his cock correctly, took all his muscle and his concentration. Kittypet moved her reaching thighs at tiny hints from the big hands.

He held her there, touching. They didn't breathe. His juice mixed with hers, and she was impaled so slowly that, when the probe was home and totally enclosed, they were breathless and gulped great lungfuls of air.

'Her hands began moving from his hard square buttocks to his lumpy shoulders. He lifted her again, his neck a column of hawsers, and swung her round, and let her down again, and lifted her –'

It will by now come as no surprise to hear that the very sight of all this made Calvin frantic. He ran a mile, and walked three more, whimpering with desire. Beating an aching erection down, though the horny agony only grew again, finally tearing his trousers down – by himself, alas – and flinging himself, as nothing more tender offered itself, between the limb-like roots of a hollow tree, there to groan and bend his poor young battered tool.

'He resented the work he was doing and stopped when he felt one warm, plump hand cradle his balls and the other smooth and soothe his convulsing bottom.' It's Kittypet again, hot for a new certainty, and this was as it ought to be, thought Calvin. The work he was engaged upon should not be done alone! 'He stopped trying, staggered back, tripped promptly on his dropped breeches and thumped to the ground. Kittypet was down beside him. He kicked his legs out of the breeches. She was so wet that when he rolled into place between her legs his misused cock found refuge without search. She held him.'

At this time all went particularly well: nightly cuddles between the foursome, huddled for warmth and shelter beneath a high bank under a tarpaulin, soon became by mutual recognition, most comfortable heat, then tension, climax and release. Each girl was different, too, though the mechanics between them might seem the same. Calvin shot a bear, the girls skinned it, and all four of them gorged mightily on its wonderful flesh. They feasted on fresh-caught trout. They quite literally immersed themselves in soft river clay, turning their four bodies into white sculptured forms that looked sinister, startling and beautiful. The clay penetrated every crevice. They sat naked round a fire, lit despite the warm evening sun just for company:

'Kittypet sitting slightly behind Calvin, reached both arms round his waist and cupped his balls in her plump hands. Calvin started, then reached his shoulders back to contact. She swivelled round. He was erect. She lay back and he followed her. They paid no attention to the others . . . Calvin had the sensation that thrusts were instantly timed to heartbeats, that they became, first irresistible, then out of all control, that bowels, lights, heart and brains melted and bubbled to a living fluid that poured, poured, poured at its own whim, leaving him cool, still and empty.

'Kittypet rolled like a bundle across the grass to Red, who fondled her, then heaved and laid himself with slow deliberation between her legs. She whispered, then whined like a small cat, then moaned as strokes went deeper. Their fucking was a long single slope. His left arm was under her shoulders. His right hand lifted her buttocks and she was suspended there between the earth and him till their pulsing gathered concentration, climbed in power, lifted them steadily to speed and exploded them precisely into their own new orbit of serenity. They were stranded there for a while, wheeling slowly. . . .

'Towards dawn – they were now between blankets on soft sand – Kittypet took Calvin again. He was instantly alert. He'd been dreaming and was erect, which is why she took him.

But, as one of the Indian girls with sad anger said, it was all too good to last. Unfriendly Indians capture our once-happy foursome. Red, as their obvious leader, is submitted to a form of torture which would hurt most readers to hear about but would surely wound Mayfair's men most. At this point Knox is almost unbearable to read because it's all so graphic . . . Calvin actually sabotages his own escape by shooting his friend Red dead, to stop his sufferings, and for reprisal the angry red men put Calvin to the same torture . . . But either they're careless, or they don't realise that his build in all respects is different from the once-mighty Red's. Calvin manages to slip out of the cords that bind him, and make a bigamous getaway. For him and the girls at least there's a happy ending, and they make themselves a bed so big that no bought blankets would cover it – they make their own out of furs.

FILMS

David Quinlan

Fuzz (X) is a good-humoured, impeccably structured police comedy, with distinct and nicely-balanced thriller overtones.

All is chaos in the world of 87th Precinct. The painters are in, two arsonists and a rapist are on the loose, and there's a crazy deaf man (Yul Brynner) threatening to kill the town's most prominent citizens unless his monetary demands are met. What's worse, the fuzz (Burt Reynolds, Raquel Welch, Jack Weston, Tom Skerritt) are too inept to stop him carrying out his threats. Until . . . but that would be spoiling the fun of an unexpectedly happy climax.

Yul Brynner glowers to good effect as the Deaf Man, Miss Welch is quite appealing as the lady cop who (nearly) has it off in a sleeping bag while she and Skerritt are supposed to be watching for a suspect, and indeed the film's only weakness lies in the hero-figure of Burt Reynolds, whose toupé gleams rather more than his performance, which simply isn't strong enough to give the film the central lynch-pin it needs to make a four-star job.

With **Made** (X), Carol White is back on the *Poor Cow* track, if less successfully, with what might have happened to the girl from that film in the years to come.

Here, as Valerie Marshall, she has a baby and an invalid mother to cope with. Her philosophy: 'All men are sods.' Her friend June, though agreeing, amuses her with her tales of encounters with the same sods. 'It was so quick,' she confides at the telephone exchange where they work. 'And look, I'm a mass of bruises.'

Meanwhile, Val resists the lure of the male sex, but it does not take very long before she's in the altogether, and the bed of a pop idol (Roy Harper). Shortly after this, her baby gets killed in a football riot, and her mother dies while she's making it in the bath with her lover.

It's not exactly the Marx Brothers, as you can see, and, in trying to be realistically gloomy, the film succeeds only in looking clumsy and amateur – chiefly because of a script that's so appalling as to make fools of almost everyone, although some of the acting is commendably good. Another slice of four-letter life, only less so.

It's amazing how sexy some of the classics really were. Take Strindberg's **Miss Julie** (X). It's about this bird of high degree who's on heat for the valet. After she's got him to kiss her boot, and she drinks some of his beer, she can hardly wait to get upstairs to his room. There's repressed sexuality for you, though she takes good care to burn her pantaloons after the deed is done. While they are coupling aloft, the servants, who know very well what is going on, imitate them, led by a lusty wench whose bust frequently threatens to do so through an unstrung blouse.

Even given a powerful performance by Helen Mirren in the title role – the same Miss Mirren soon to be seen superbly nude in Ken Russell's *Savage Messiah* – this strange play/film eventually becomes heavy going. The sexual goings-on soon cease, leaving talk, and tedium, to take over.

Anatomy of a Pin-Up (X) is worth catching: if you can, that is, as it runs for only 45 minutes, and was not advertised at the cinema where I saw it as a second-feature.

It's a study of the lovelies who pose for magazines like our own *Mayfair*: their thoughts and feelings, as well as their bodies, make absorbing viewing. Though the film seems to be seriously intended, and succeeds amusingly on its own level, one suspects it's half an excuse for photographing fabulous females like Vida Farthing, in motion. And why not?

Miss Farthing has a few pert things to say about the business, including the fact that she can see herself as just a housewife in a couple of years' time. She certainly has her feet on the ground: a place where, in the movie, her back often is.

DISCS

Peter Hopkin

Snooks Eaglin doesn't like to be classified as a blues singer, he prefers to be considered a versatile entertainer; which he undoubtedly is. **The Legacy of the Blues Vol 2** (Sonet SNTF 625) is his first recording for 10 years. Snooks, who was at one time a street singer in New Orleans, is an extremely skilful guitarist. 'Funky Malaguena,' an instrumental piece with a Latin flavour, has a strong blues feel and shows his brilliant guitar work.

On 'Boogie Children,' a talking blues, Snooks demonstrates the difference between straight and funky drumming. This 'funky' feel is the essence of his music, and even behind the slower numbers is a powerful driving force. Although Snooks has been influenced by a variety of performers and different kinds of music, everything he does has his own individual sound. On 'Pine Top's Boogie Woogie' his guitar playing has a piano-like quality, and he also does a great rocking version of 'Lucille.'

History of Eric Clapton (Polydor Super Double 2659012) falls into four separate periods – his early work with the Yardbirds and John Mayall, which now sounds very dated; the legendary Cream recordings; followed by Delaney and Bonnie and friends; and the more recent Derek and the Dominos. From the Blind Faith era there's also one very good track, Steve Winwood's 'Sea of Joy.' It has been said too often that Eric Clapton is the best guitarist to emerge from the world of British Rock music, and it is not surprising then that on this double album there is some superb playing. Side four, which features Derek and the Dominos, will probably get most plays. This includes 'Tell the Truth' followed by a jam on the same theme, and lastly 'Layla' on which Eric and Duane Allman did some remarkable double lead guitar work.

Listening to film music without the visual stimulation of the actual film can sometimes be a disappointment. This is not so with Pink Floyd's **Obscured by clouds** (EMI Harvest SHSP 4020) which is the soundtrack for 'La Vallee.' The music continually suggests colourful and exciting images. Pink Floyd are one of the most musically advanced groups, their playing is inspired and always tasteful. This record contains a lot of short tracks, which vary from strange, almost frightening instrumentals, to peaceful, melodious songs.

You must have heard T. Rex's 'Telegram Sam' and 'Metal Guru' blaring from transistor radios everywhere. Both these hit singles are included on **The Slider** (EMI BLN5001) along with plenty of other, similar rock numbers. The softer accoustic guitar tracks like 'Spaceball Ricochet' prevent the album becoming monotonous. Some of the lyrics are quite suggestive, '*I want to ball you all night long, In winds of passion my whip is lashing.*' This record is ideal for entertaining young girls who are more mature sexually than musically.

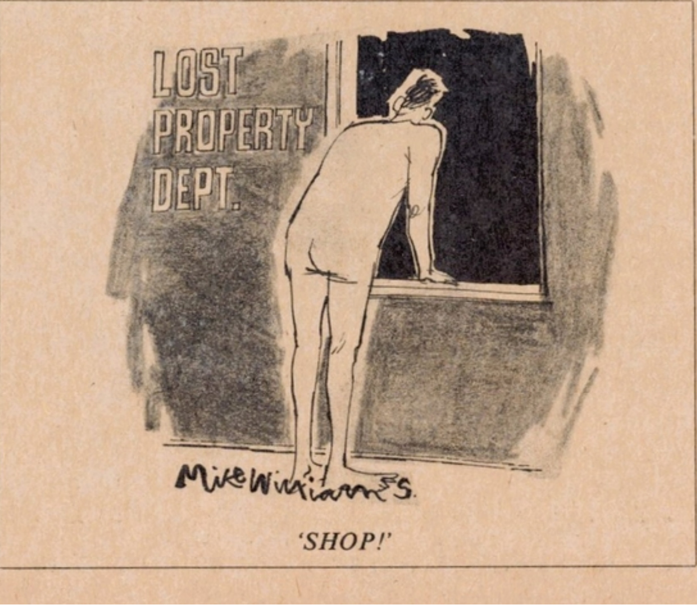
Free, who split up some time ago, re-formed and made an album **Free at Last** (Island ILPS 9192). The group have a tightly controlled sound that is very distinctive, Paul Roger's vocals are the band's strongest element. 'Little Bit of Love' is the best track and on this number Paul's rasping voice comes over really well. The instrumental work on this record seems rather unimaginative and much the same as on their earlier material. Since this recording was made there have been some changes in line-up and Free are now using a keyboard to give them a fuller sound.

One of the most important new releases of the year in the classical music arena is Decca's two record set of **The Dream of Gerontius** recorded at The Maltings, Snape (Decca SET 525/6). This latest interpretation of Edward Elgar's masterpiece is excellent in every respect. Benjamin Britten conducts the London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus, in a performance that breathes life from the very first note.

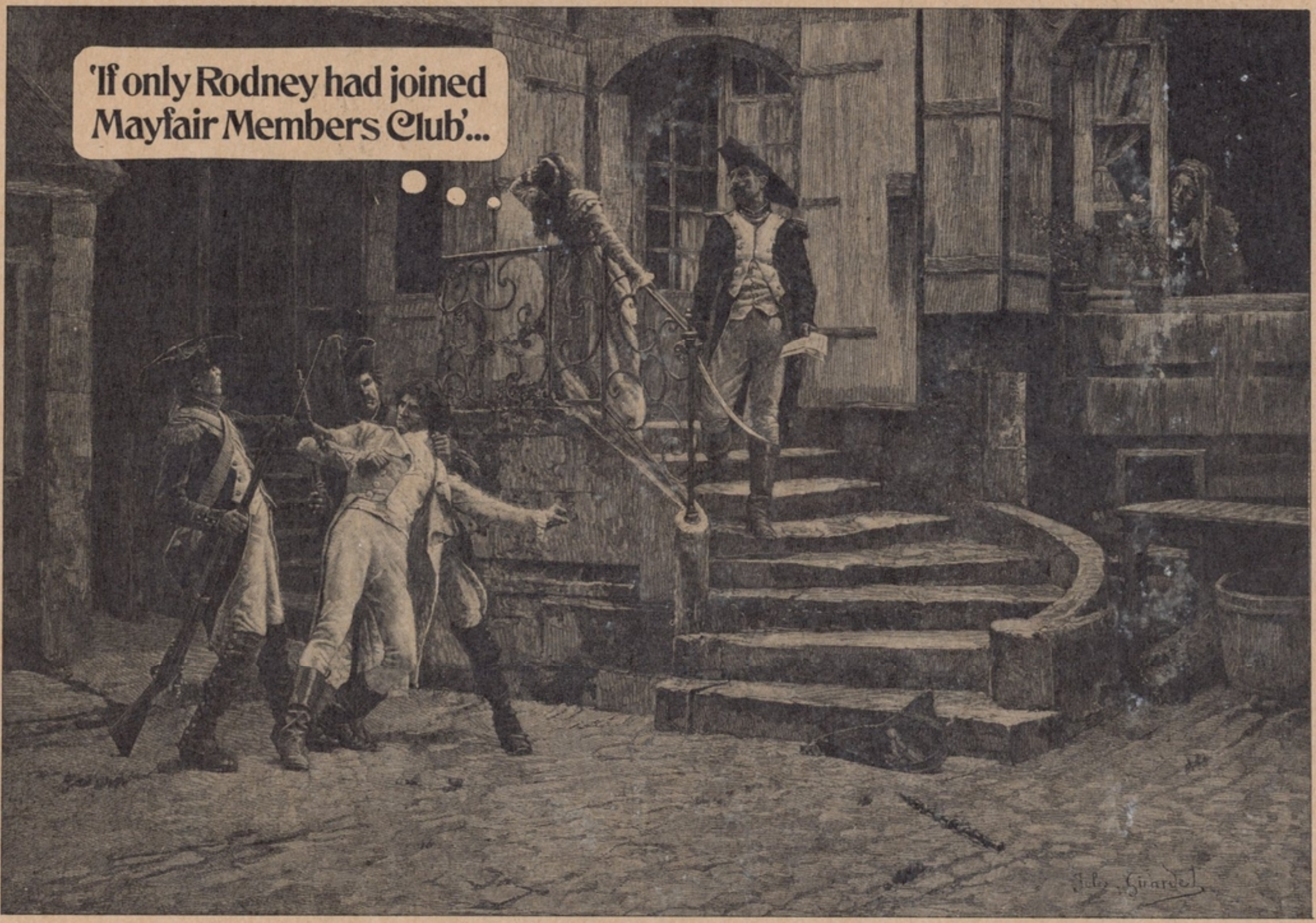
Britten pays meticulous attention to Elgar's detailed score, and orchestra and chorus respond with playing and singing of the highest quality. The soloists, too, are sympathetic to Cardinal Newman's mystical poem, although at times Peter Pears, as Gerontius, lacks a certain power and authority. John Shirley-Quirk and Yvonne Minton cannot be bettered – in all a magnificent recording.

What do we seek in our music? A panorama of sensations, of course: inspiration, motivation, sensuality, solace.

As the world continues on its crazy course, I sometimes think that solace becomes a more and more important ingredient in our musical lives. Not the solace of sadness, but the solace of positive reassurance. For that I turn to another splendid Decca release, this time C. P. E. Bach's **Flute Concerto in D Minor,** teamed with Cimarosa's **Concerto in G Major for Two Flutes** (Decca SXL 6536). On one release we have the very best of eighteenth century flute music. Here you will find delight; an elegant exercise in music that solaces the soul and uplifts the spirits. The best analogy I can offer is the cool fingers of a beautiful woman soothing your brow after an absolutely bloody day at the office . . .



'SHOP!'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NIGHTLIFE

Kenneth Dowd

How topless is London at the present time? Very – is the brief answer.

There is a lot of it about – and a visit to a topless club can prove the highlight of an evening in town at the moment. Especially if you do not tell your guests what you have in store for them.

The **Bacchus** Piano Bar, in Woodstock Street, just off Bond Street, is possibly the smallest of these clubs but what it loses in size it gains in ambitiousness – with a cabaret show on the small floor every night. As you will see from our photograph the girls look good too.

Their sister club, the **Pickwick** in Great Newport Street, has been transformed from a rather staid club for members of the theatrical profession into the topless club with the best music. There's Mike McKenzie on piano and Johnny Hawksworth playing bass nightly, and a succession of striptease artists throughout the evening. The wonderful music at the Pickwick has made the club very popular – or is it the profusion of topless girls there? They seem to have more than the average London topless club.

Possibly the most original is the **El Paso** in Gerrard Street, since they have incorporated a sauna bath and massage parlour in the same building, and if the nightclub upstairs overwhelms you, you can go into the foyer, buy a ticket for a body-massage, and descend to the basement parlour downstairs for an hour until you feel revived.

At the **Blue Angel**, in Berkeley Street, the girls wear thin see-thru blouses over their topless – but then the Blue Angel has been known for years as one of the original London nightclubs, and is possibly more staid than others.

The **Latin Quarter**, in Wardour Street, serve you in their Toulouse-Lautrec Bar via the topless girl staff – and again a thin see-thru blouse is the order of the day, combined with subtle lighting which makes you peer even harder. The Latin Quarter also owns the **Belles de Nuit** nightclub in Rupert Street, where the girls are topless and bottomless – in this case, there is only a transparent see-thru dress between you and them. The Latin Quarter was of course chosen by *Mayfair* to provide the backgrounds for our excellent film of Miss Penny Mallett.

Topless girl in the Bacchus piano bar, Woodstock Street

The **Office** club, in Avery Row, just behind Claridges Hotel, offer the most mobile topless hostesses in London – since the seats at the bar are suspended on swings. And at the Office club there is a small upstairs cabaret and dining room when the swings become too much. Harry Green looks after the room, and upstairs Lennie Felix looks after the piano, which will be good news to his many London fans who admire his lilting style of music.

London's newest topless club is the **Directors** club, and by that I do not mean the magnificent edifice in Belgrave Square, but a small bar and restaurant which is known in the evenings as the Music Workshop. The club is open at lunchtime for business men who wish to entertain in an unusual manner, and is situated at No. 13 Masons Yard, off Dukes Street, SW1.

Soho has many other topless clubs scattered down a few stairs along the narrow streets, and of course it is also possible to see many topless dancers in London cabarets at the present time. Good viewing!

LUNCH IN LUXURY

The English gentleman's requirement for the finest roast sirloin of beef, Yorkshire pudding, and horseradish sauce, is possibly the reason for the continued prosperity of **Stone's Chop House**, Panton Street, Haymarket, SW1. The traditional restaurant was founded in 1770 in Panton Street, and was modernised some years ago to provide a new look of much fresher appearance, with an interesting feature on the first floor of an open-air garden. Further, modernisation has not affected the traditional menu which includes roast sirloin of beef and roast saddle of mutton with redcurrant jelly or mint sauce. There is also a most reasonably-priced speciality, steak and kidney pudding, at 85p whereas beef costs £1·50, unless you take a minute or rump steak at £1·30.

Stone's is one of the few very great restaurants that deigns to serve draught beer by the pint, and there is Bass on draught at 20p a pint. The wines are not expensive either, in that you may take Bordeaux Rouge or Bourgogne Rose or Bourgogne Blanc at £1·15 for a large carafe.

It is possible to take a soup dish, followed by steak and kidney pudding, followed by welsh rabbit, with a pint of Bass, and pay under £1·50 for the meal – although you must not forget that you have to contribute table money, which is 20p, and in any other establishment would of course be termed cover charge – but 200 years in catering entitles Stone's to be different.

TOILETRIES

Conrad Pierce

Have you bought a lawnmower recently?

If so, you will undoubtedly have been struck by the similarity of the problems of shaving. As you are now feeling totally confused, let me explain.

A few years ago the majority of lawnmowers had cutting cylinders that cut the grass in one direction only. Recently, however, models like the popular Flymo have been demonstrating that rotary cutters whirling round and attacking the grass from different angles, are more effective. Those of you who have followed the commercial wars of electric shavers will know that this battle was fought years before in the shaver market. Since most men's beards grow in a number of directions the rotary head offers more opportunity to cut hairs irrespective of their direction of growth.

Except, that the battle was never quite won by the rotary addicts. Perhaps it is psychological, but with a foil head shaver, a clean sweep 2½ inches wide, through the beard, is deeply satisfying, exactly as with a cylinder lawn mower.

It is for this reason that I have just completed a three-month test of a new Philips electric razor with a foil head. (The term foil head means that an extremely thin piece of perforated foil is bent into a half cylinder and your hairs poke through the holes and are cut by oscillating cutters.)

The new model is the XTR7 and is attractively finished in flack and matt silver. It has a recommended price of £13.25. The shaving head is fitted at a 30 degree angle making it easier to shave below the nose and chin. It also includes a 'straight edge' trimmer for moustache or sideboards.

Does it work? I have given it a thorough testing and can unequivocably answer 'yes'. If on a Sunday, or holiday, you miss a morning's shave, the next day's performance is impressive. A clean-shaven swath can be produced on the skin in one smooth sweep.

I also found the trimmer very useful for removing any stray hairs growing in the wrong direction, or too long to go through the foil holes.

Philips, so they tell me, have world wide sales of over 100 million rotary action shavers. The foil head is to offer an alternative to men who prefer this type. Me among them.

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Life can take a lot out of a man. The punishments of daily life – late nights, overwork, strain, all take their toll on your system, causing a drop in your performance.
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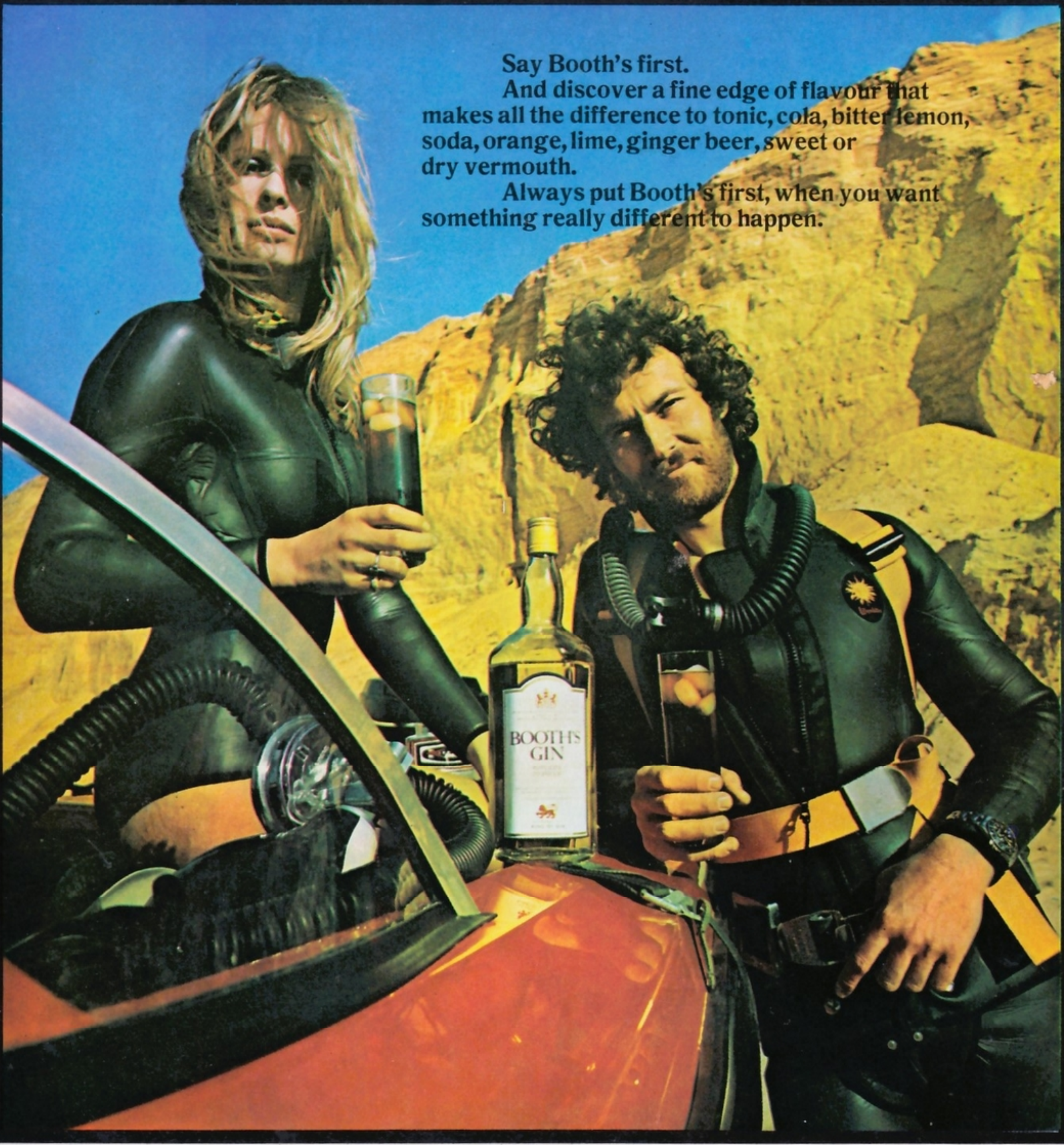

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BACARDI ON THE ROCKS

Get that clean,
dry breathtaking taste at its best.

Toss a couple of ice cubes
into a short, heavy glass.
Go wild with the crystal-clear
Bacardi.
Add a dash of Angostura
and a twist of lemon –
and another shot of Bacardi
if you want to make things
really interesting.

Sip slowly, and wait for a bolt
out of the blue . . .

BACARDI RUM
BACARDI RUM
1/2

DANGER: WOMEN LAUGHING

continued from page 12

no mamma, that one but when the girls stopped in front of Charlie and Gilbert they gawped and floundered all the time Suelo was asking Charlie if they were waiting for them and Sadie was smiling up to Gilbert and saying well were you.

Charlie kept gulping and Gilbert kept blinking Klobs' *Male Sexual Response* will fill you in on the glandular angle and Gilbert croaked Miss Spence, Miss Standish H-h-how d-d- this is Farlie Chanshaw and I'm B-b-booker G-g-gilbert B-b-booker and still dazed while the girls powdered but knowing there was no hurry to wake up and the girls returned to prove that they were still dreaming it all Suelo in black and white ticking? and Sadie in a black jumper and white linen skirt and both mini. Fringing to tops of legs that started minis and bra statements of facts – they sort of heave when they're real you know, and that lovely sliding vibration behind that said no girdle never mind a roll of linoleum and that nearly flat part that would be a belly on anyone else. Something must have shown on their faces because Suelo laughed down to Charlie who was smallish and dark and good-looking and Sadie laughed up to Gilbert who was tallish and fair and ugly and they said we ate on the plane could we go down the river on a steamer at dusk because we've come to do art and Whistler and so they did behaviour punctilious. No risks. An Impression had to be made and each hugging himself that the other had become besotted with the second most adorable girl in the world. Art Galleries cinemas – some hand-holding here – discos (first kisses) and a few evenings later each had his ears boxed they checked have a look at Klobs again for this and Charlie and Gilbert getting moodily broody or is it broodily moody Klobs very illuminating here labels it tumescence-detumescence and drinks at Charlie's or Gilbert's suddenly became okay, and visits to the boat – they got the presidency and vice-presidency of the yacht club for this – but Charles and Gilbert were leery of parties sometimes horribly attractive men even horrible women and well if you'd some delicious caviare sandwiches you wouldn't take them to a barbecue would you.

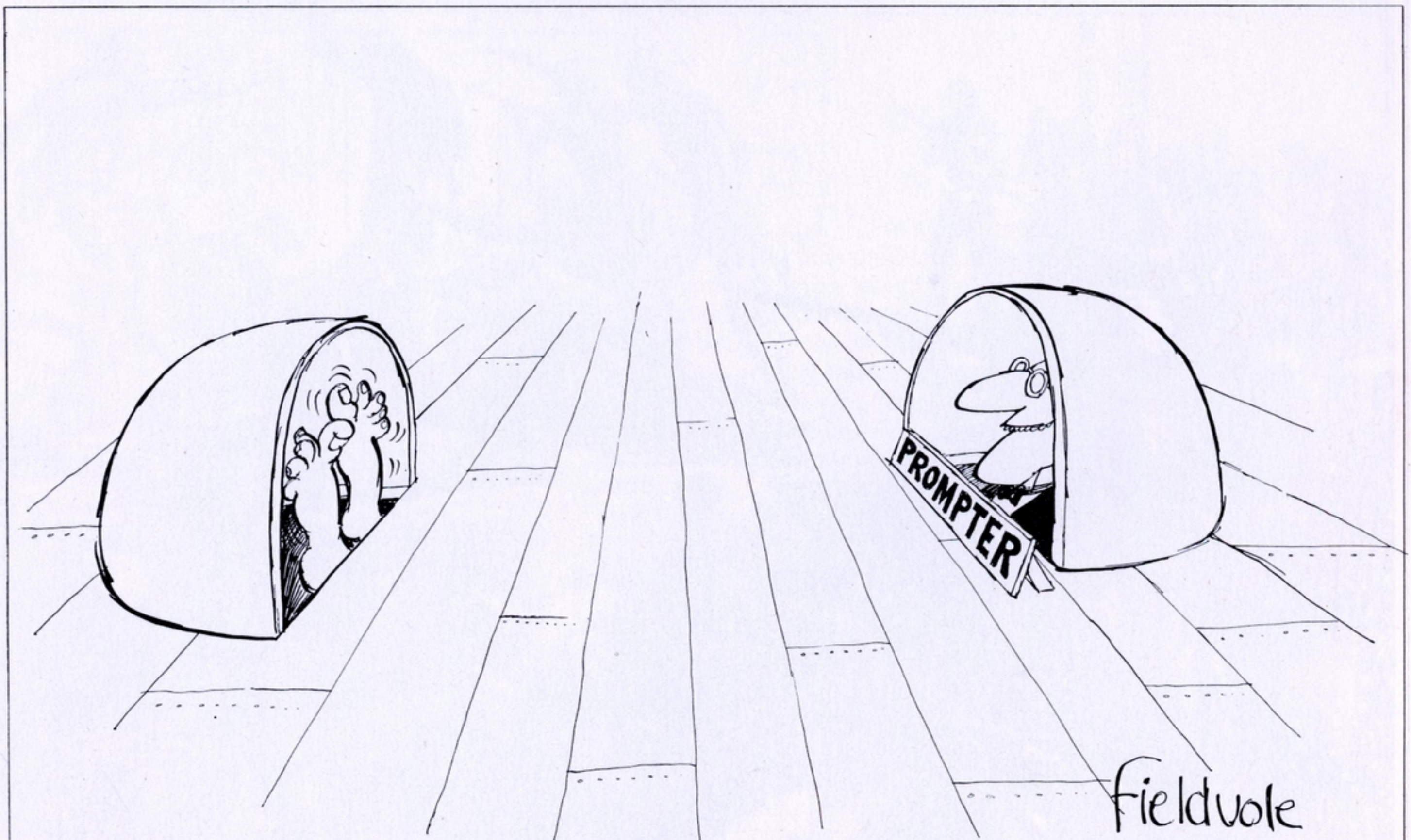
Well one evening they were all at Charlie's waiting for a car or something and Gilbert said what about running that film through seeing the screen's still up you've only to switch on famous last words.

Beautiful pictures, light just right and Charlie and Gilbert boyish and happy and showing-off nicely – you know, lolling about, throwing a rubber bucket overboard on a length of rope and swilling down the deck and looking at, in? the binnacle and baiting hooks and pulling up a fish that was all mouth which the big looby held up to the camera then off with those big polo-necked sweaters and diving in oh *pretty*! for a swim and clambering back and nipping below to take off their wet trunks and then, with Charlie and Gilbert down the hatch, the picture suddenly slewing up and over as the boat heeled to this young gale and the boys popping up sharpish in nothing but their jerseys.

Long jerseys mind you, but not long enough now a girl can look attractive nine-tenths, eight-tenths down to one-tenth dressed and a lot look best in nothing but a man, No. Tarzan beating his chest in a loin-cloth, oh heavenly rape! Tarzan beating his chest with nothing on well it seems to bring out the maternal and she wants to reach for a nappy you ask a woman Klobs no use here.

And so it was with Ceasar I mean Charlie and Gilbert; they leaped about, you know; they had to – hectic for a bit. Shorten sail. Lee shore. Capsize. Luff. Tack. Put about. Batten the hatches? Heave! all very active stuff demanding peculiar postures you try bending over a boom to grab the corner of a sail that doesn't want to be grabbed, while you're trying to hook a loose rope with your toe and it's just out of toe-reach you become very unself-conscious and it's alright in a sweater and trousers or even just trousers but naked except for a jersey even a long one well you look odd: you don't realise, but it's what everyone can see nothing else but and just imagine the Harlem Globetrotters playing without their pants Nigwort's *Some Observations on Pendulums* has a masterly chapter – 'Equations Concerning Dangling' I think it is and Ewyo's *Phallic Phantastique* is worth dipping into but strangely Klobs is no use

turn to page 59



Faced with a dwindling reputation in his nation's eyes, Custer ignored all

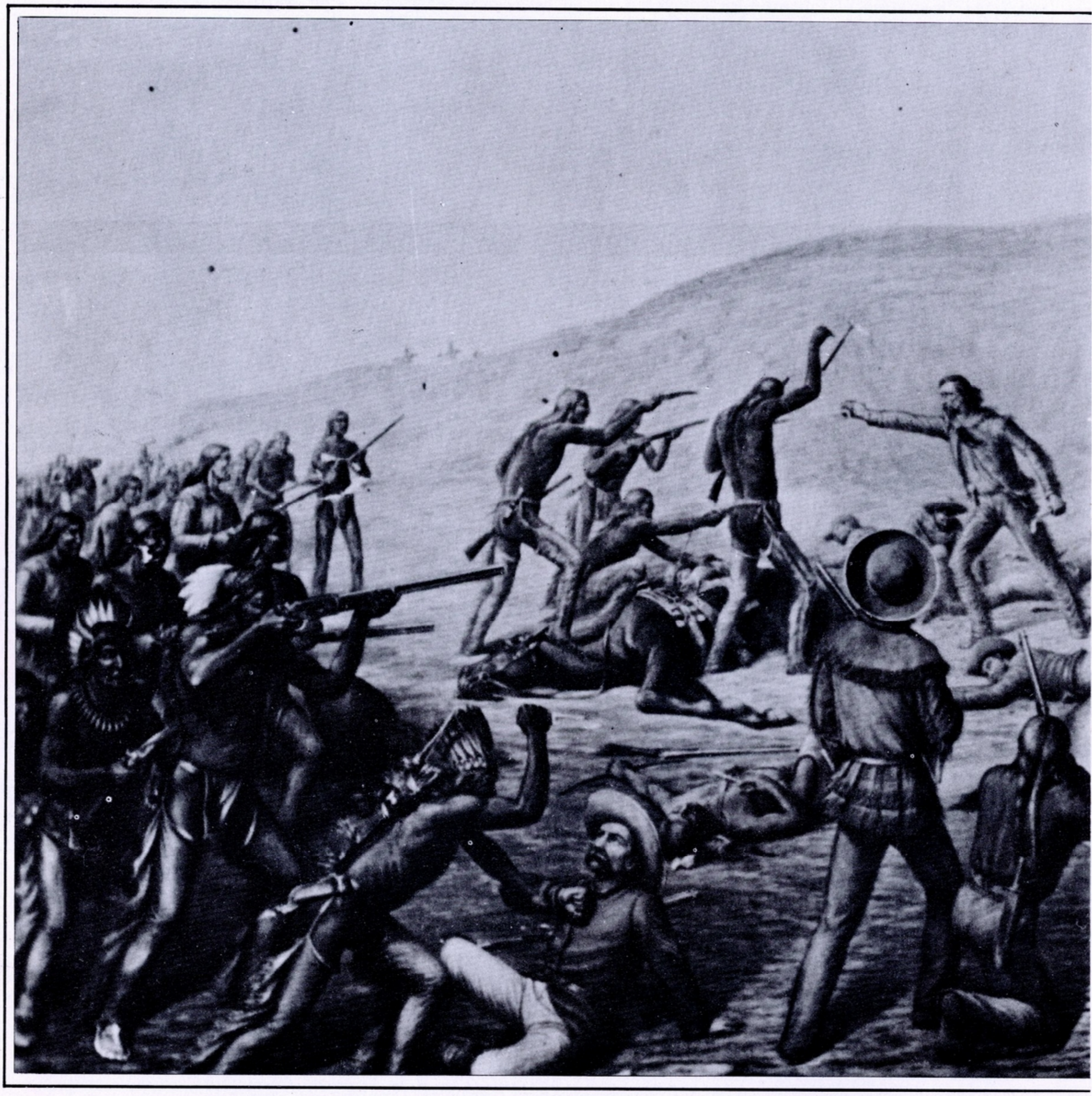
A American public opinion was sorely disturbed by the massacre that followed General Custer's successful attempt to surround 12,000 Indians with 650 Cavalrymen at the Little Big Horn River in 1876.

The British, of course, accepted 'the broken square sodding the desert red, the Gatling jammed and the Colonel dead' as an ordinary occupational hazard of empire building. The Americans, however, demanded an explanation for the discrepancy between 'the way things are planned to be' and 'the way things are'. Today, generations of citizen war service has taught Americans to define the natural outcome of all best laid military schemes with their own unique under-statement . . . Situation Normal; All Fucked Up.

On this occasion, it seems that the US government of the day sadly underestimated the number of hostile Indians involved. Three small military formations were sent to seek out the renegade Sioux, purporting to number around 2,000, including 800 warriors. They were to execute the unruly and to drive the remainder into the Sioux reservation.

Although known as 'the boy General' during the American Civil War, Custer would not qualify as exemplary material for *Boy's Own Paper*. A heavy drinker and gambler (as were most cavalrymen), Custer indulged a yen for Indian women, and owned a Comanche squaw for one campaign that endured two years. This latter fact was certainly unknown to his beautiful, aristocratic and ambitious wife who fondly helped 'ghost' his idealist memoir entitled *Life on the Plains*.

She, it was, who had forced his political advancement without success, but with the result that her husband was in bad odour with President Grant's governing establishment. Custer had charged the latter with corruption in high places over financial dealings with the Indians. Corruption there certainly was, but to what level of



warnings of Indian strength in a desperate gamble for glory/By D. F. Bowden

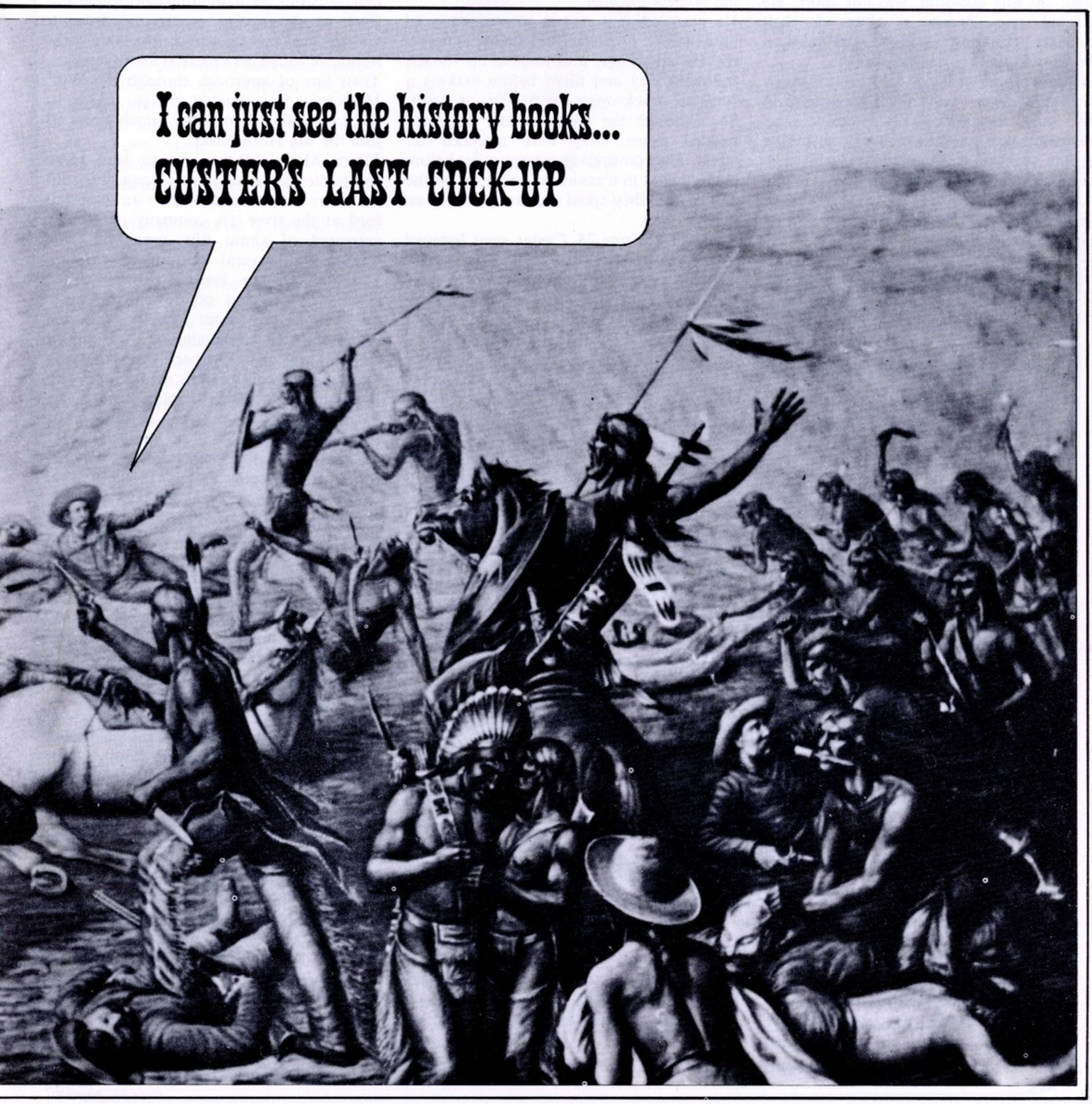
government it extended is difficult to ascertain.

More serious, perhaps, was the assessment of his peers in the cavalry regiments. In 1868, at the Battle of Washita, a successful one-day engagement for the Seventh Cavalry against the Cheyenne tribe, Custer lost, or reported missing, a Major Elliot and twenty men. Two weeks later, their frozen, naked and mutilated bodies were discovered only a few miles from the battle site. Their circular formation beside quantities of expended carbine ammunition mutely testifying that they had held on in the vain hope Custer would relieve them. The General's neglect of action on this day was probably thoughtless, but it was said that Major Elliot was not one of Custer's poker-playing clique amongst the officers....

Like most career officers of the period, Custer was a severe disciplinarian. There were charges of brutal behaviour and summary execution of deserters without trial. Maybe because of his political activities, these charges were given credence by the government of the day and at the time of the expedition, Custer was under suspension pending court martial. Only his public lionisation and social connections had prompted his reinstatement for the Sioux outbreak, and President Grant had insisted that Custer drop rank from General to Colonel so that he could not control the three-pronged expedition. He commanded one prong only.

In that glorious June of 1876, we can imagine the elation of George Armstrong Custer leading his own independent command again into the Badlands surrounded by his cronies including his brothers, and brother-in-law and nephew. Here was his chance to redeem his status in a gallant and dashing action against the recalcitrant Sioux.

He had refused the offer of a mule-mounted infantry company equipped with Gatling guns to accompany his regiment, so it is clear that Custer intended to set his own


I can just see the history books...
CUSTER'S LAST COCK-UP

imprint upon this expedition. He needed a glorious affray. Custer was 'going for broke' with his small command, so that newspaper reports of the fracas would contain mention of only one unit of the American Army . . . the 'Fighting Seventh' Cavalry. To ensure accurate coverage, Custer had invited a hero-worshipping young newspaper correspondent, Mark Kellog, to accompany the regiment.

For speed, he ordered his men to travel light with only carbines, revolvers and side-packs. There were no swords carried to the Little Big Horn. Custer, himself, wore a blue uniform shirt, white buckskin tunic and trousers fringed at the welts in the style of the frontiersman, and open-topped, short riding boots. On his head, he wore a beat-up Cavalry stetson, and his hair, on this occasion, was cut short. He carried two British revolvers in belt holsters (Bulldog, self-cocking) and a hunting knife in a fringed sheath.

As the column rode for four days through the rocky crags of the Wolf Mountains in Montana, they picked up extensive signs of their quarry, and the score or so Indian scouts attached to the regiment, with such colourful names* as Bloody Knife, White Man Runs Him, Red Bear and Bob-tailed Bull, began to show uneasiness, for they were made increasingly aware of the number of hostiles massed ahead of them. Only the day before the enemy village was sighted, Custer came upon a group of the scouts in time to overhear a pessimistic statement from one of them.

'What's that he says?' asked Custer brusquely. The interpreter replied, 'He says that we'll find enough Sioux to keep up fighting for two or three days.' The General smiled, and remarked, 'I guess we'll get through with them in one day.'

On the evening of June 24, just as the regiment settled into camp, the advance scouts returned to report an Indian village on the far bank of the Little Big Horn River, some 20 miles distant. Custer called the officers together.

He revealed that it was his intention to undertake a night-march to close in upon the Indian village, and to hole up for the following day and night before making a surprise attack upon the hostiles at dawn. So, although the regiment had only just bedded down, they were marched off again. They covered about ten miles before being halted in a ravine at two a.m. on the 25th. Here, they spent the remainder of an uneasy night.

At dawn on June 25, Custer went forward with the scouts to a high peak known as the Crow's Nest on the divide overlooking the valley of the Little Big Horn. Morning sunlight in the mountains can confuse the city-bred eye because of refraction through the varying density layers of air. Even with binoculars, what was transparently clear to the Indian scouts appeared fuzzy and uncertain to Custer. Witnesses state that he was sceptical about the very existence of the village from that high vantage point. However, he allowed himself to be persuaded otherwise, and as the party made to return to the regiment they saw, and were seen, by a small hunting band of Sioux from the village. Despite an exchange of shots, the hostiles managed to escape, and Custer knew that he was committed to an immediate attack if he hoped to bring the elusive Sioux to a fighting confrontation.

Back at the ravine, where the Seventh Cavalry had spent an uncomfortable eight hours, he issued his orders at about ten a.m. Their line of approach through the Wolf Mountains was roughly at right angles to the Little Big Horn River which flows to join the Big Horn River.

Major Marcus Reno was to lead three companies straight ahead along the trail that they had all followed to an expected ford at the river. (A company of cavalry consisted of about fifty men with one officer and several nco's.) A Captain Benteen was to lead a further three companies looping off to the left (i.e. South); while Custer would lead the remaining five companies to the right of Reno's spearhead. The pack-trains carrying ammunition and bed-rolls would follow up the main trail behind the column.

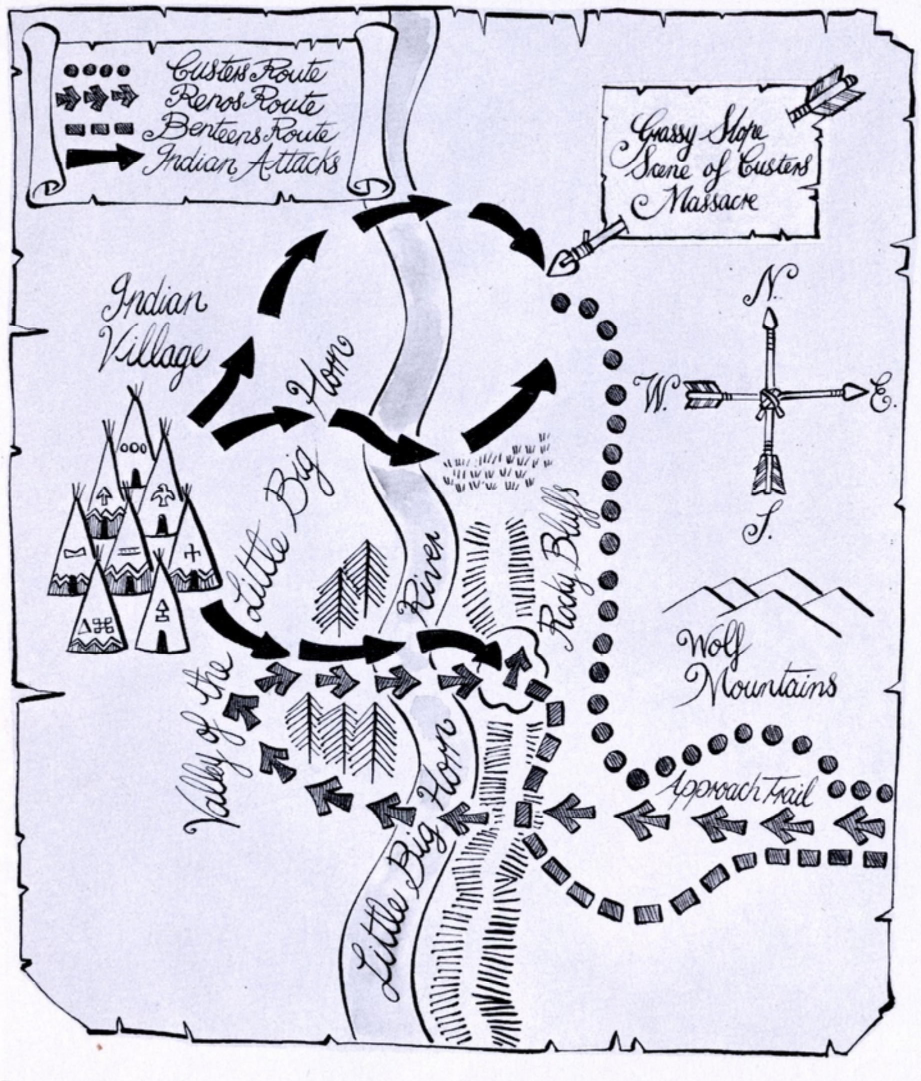
Perhaps because of the confusion of urgency, Custer did not make his intentions clear to his subordinates. Indeed, Major Reno seems to have believed that Custer would be riding as 'support' with his five companies immediately behind him. With this understanding, he set off at a good pace to the river some ten miles ahead.

As ordered, Captain Benteen led his three companies off to the left, but soon found the going impossibly rough. Benteen was an admirably level-headed officer who could have outranked both Custer and Reno but for his desire to stay with an operational regiment. On his own initiative, he broke off the hopeless flanking movement and re-joined Reno's trail about forty-five minutes behind the Major, and just in front of the pack-train.

General Custer, also, must have found the going difficult on the right hand side of the trail because when Reno paused with his three companies just short of the river, the General came galloping up ahead of his troops and urged both Reno and the scouts to go on in with their attack. Guiltily, perhaps, Major Reno rode on about a mile to the river, splashed across the ford and, turning his three companies to the right to follow the river line, charged towards the Indian village now visible on the open prairie ahead.

At about the point where Reno left Custer,

turn to page 42



Routes taken by Custer, Reno and Benteen in the attack that went wrong at Little Big Horn

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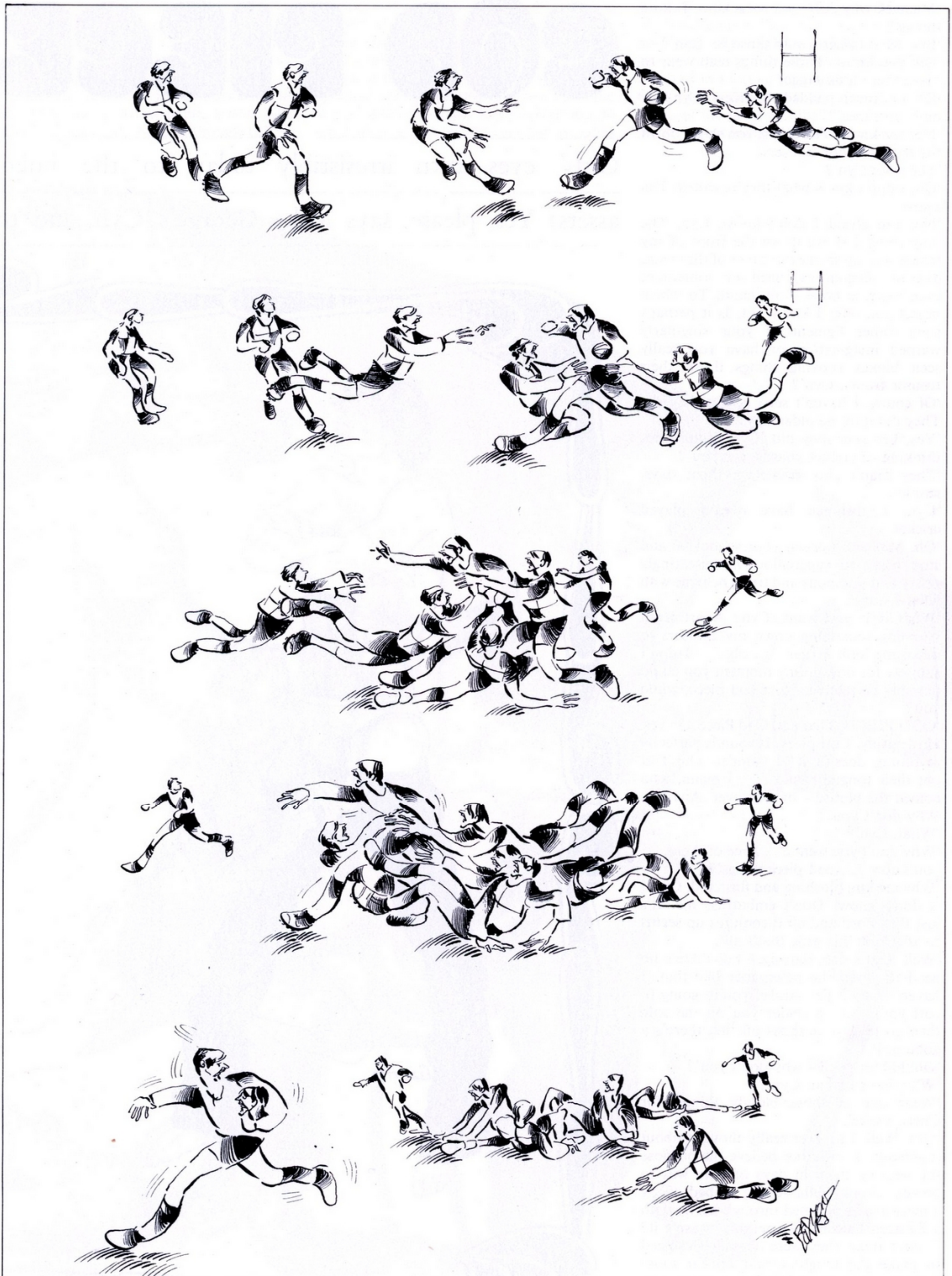
**All Indians were named after the most memorable 'event' witnessed by their parents on the day of birth.*



COD PIECE

Girls' eyes turn irresistibly today to the bulging assets? Yes, please, says Mike George's Cyn, and thus

'Michael, why don't you wear one of those things'?

'Er – what things would those be, Cyn'?

'Oh, you know. Those things men wear to make them look bigger'.

'Do you mean padded shoulders, Cyn? Or built up shoes'?

'No, *you* know. The things you shove down the front of your trousers'.

'The *what* Cyn'?

'Oh, I don't know what they're called. *You* know'.

'No, I'm afraid I don't know, Cyn. The only thing I shove down the front of my trousers is my shirt or in times of dire pain, distress, discomfort, need or sometimes even extreme hope – my hand. To which object you refer I know not. Is it perhaps some other figment of your singularly warped imagination or have you really seen blokes shoving things down their trouser fronts, Cyn'?

'Of course I haven't seen it, but they do. They did it in the olden days'.

'Yes, I'm sure they did, Cyn. You're not thinking of cricket guards, are you'?

'They didn't play cricket in those days, stupid'.

'Cyn. Englishmen have *always* played cricket'.

'Oh, Michael. Loosen your school tie and stop being so superciliously nauseatingly prissy and pompous and try to help me with what I want'.

'What is it you want, Cyn? Apart from jamming something down my trousers to make me look bigger . . . oh . . . I don't suppose for one ghastly moment you could possibly be referring to a cod piece, could you?'

'COD PIECE. That's it. Cod Piece. Oh yes. How lovely. Cod piece. It sounds perfectly revolting, doesn't it! I wonder who first got their tongue round . . . I mean, who coined the phrase – or whatever. Anyway. Why don't you'?

'What, Cyn'?

'Why don't you wear a . . . one of those . . . you know . . . cod piece things'?

'Why are you blushing and flustered, Cyn'?

'I don't know. Don't embarrass me. It's just that word and all it conjures up seems to affect me this way, that's all'.

'Well, that's fine, darling – but there's no need to shred the newspaper like that. I haven't read it yet. And if you're going to curl your feet up under you on the sofa then do take your shoes off first there's a good girl'.

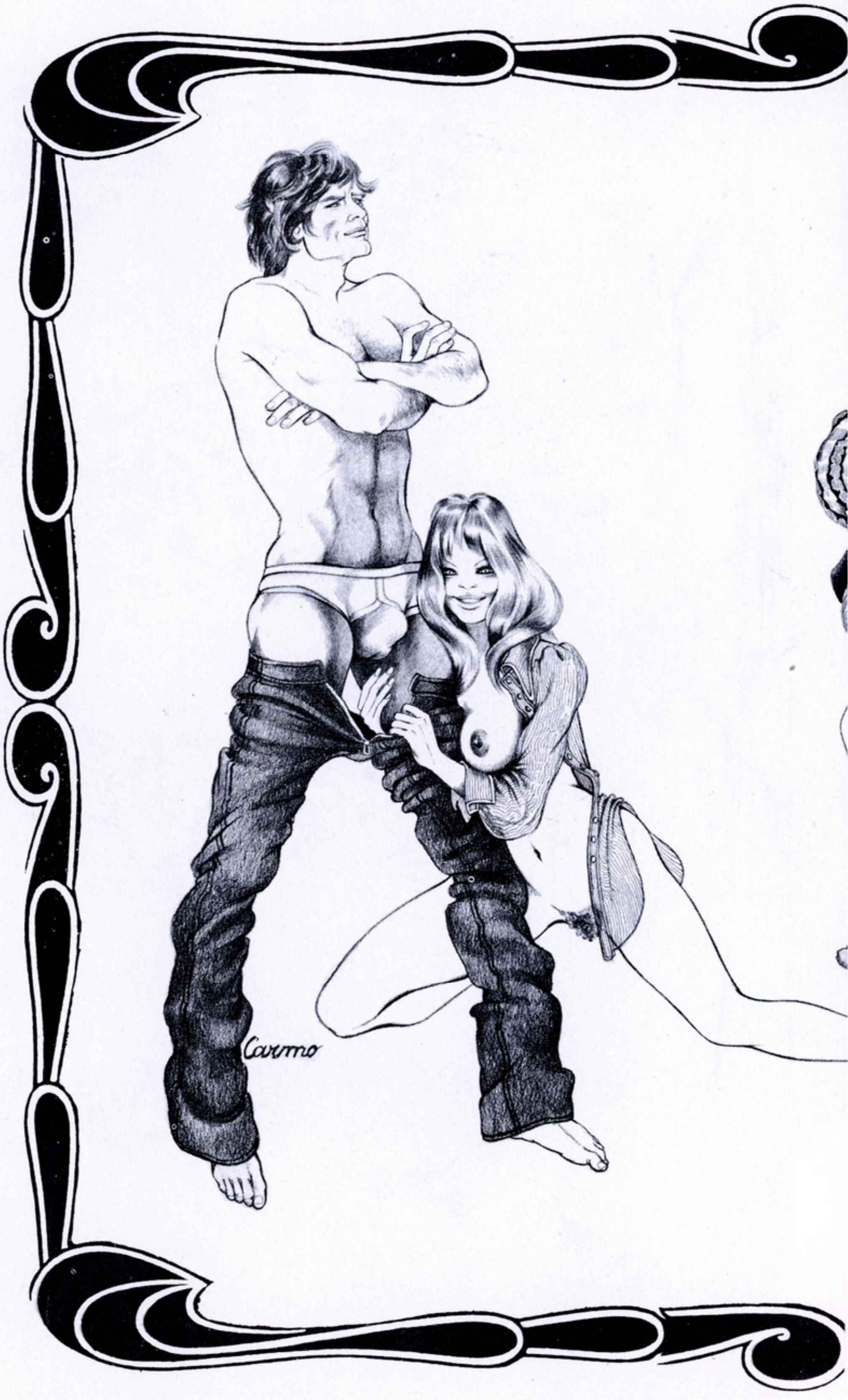
'Ohhhhhhh. Well – why don't you'?

'Why don't I what, Cyn'?

'Wear one of those bloody things, for Christ's sake'.

'Um. Well. I'd never really thought about it actually. I do rather believe the purpose for wearing them in days of yore was to prevent chonky fella getting lobbed off by a meat axe or rammed through his flu with a Saracen lance, or something, wasn't it? I don't think they were actually designed to make the knight errant appear more bounteously equipped than he already was. I mean they were meant to be pretty big guys anyway in those days, weren't they'?

'Yes, but . . . well . . . I mean . . . it's *not*

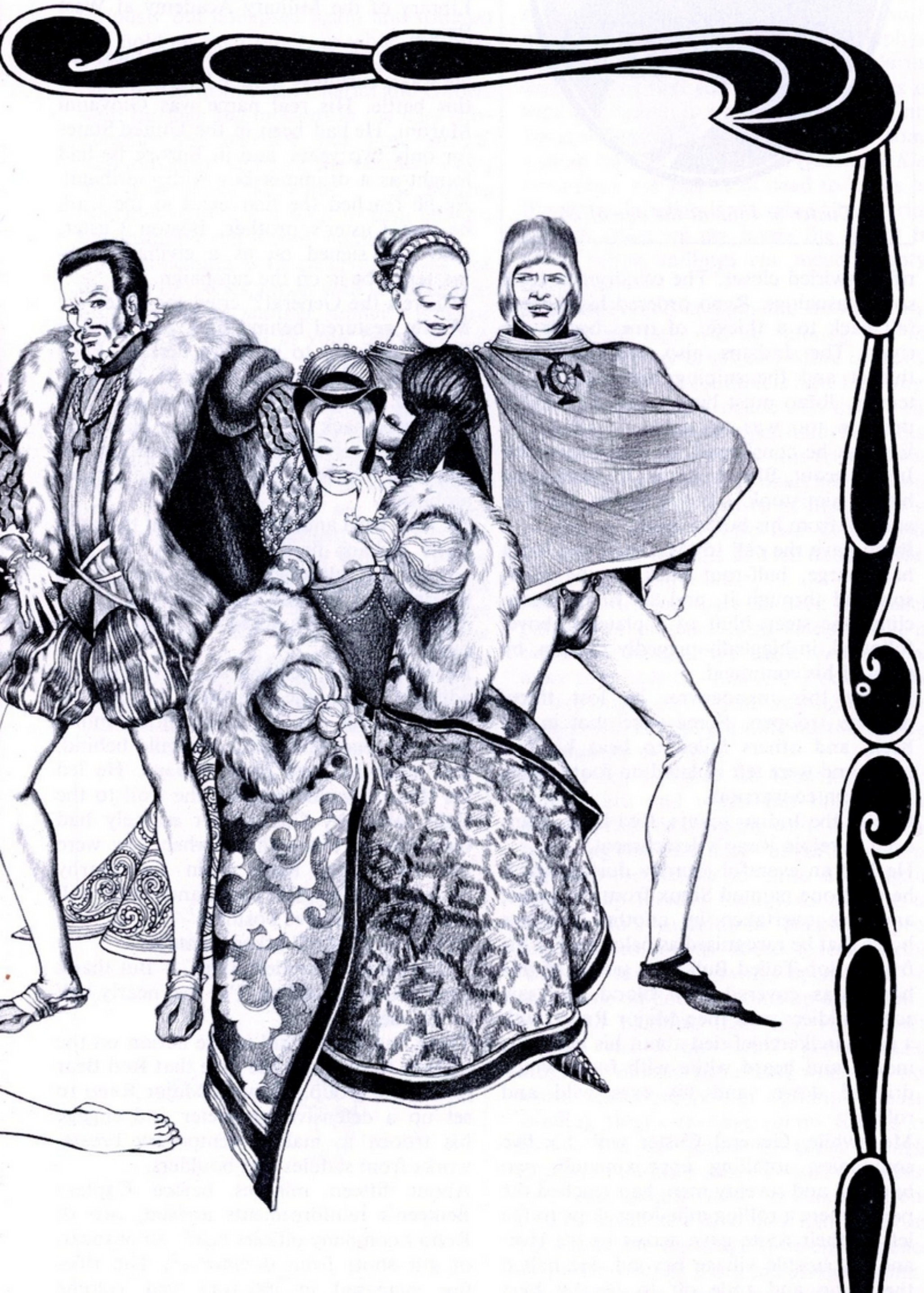


my imagination, Michael. The fellas *do* wear them today'.

'Actually, Cyn, I think I may be the bearer of good tidings for you. Never ever in my thirty-four years as a comparatively active male have I ever heard, seen, or known about any other member of my sex sporting a cod piece – neither to make him look bigger nor to prevent him suffering a severe nasty in the event of his running into a sword fight up the King's Road. Either I am very naive and it *is* happening or else the men you have encountered thus far in life have been distressingly ill endowed. The guys who seem to be rivetting your dirty little pupils eagerly to their flies are just plain ordinary guys who happen to be wearing very tight pants. It's the fashion, Doll. A teenage girl with a flat tummy wears her jeans so tight that you can almost see the finger prints in her vaginal passage wriggling through the harness of their excruciatingly encompassed pubic bone. I mean – like birds wear their trousers very very well fitting all of a sudden these days. There's no question of their crotch pieces being in the least shy and retiring, under developed, or aching to thrust but not quite making it. It pays to advertise, I agree – but the campaign is such that it's a buyer's market. There's a crotch glut on. Anyway – that's birds. What about the blokes? They have endeavoured to follow suit, that's all. Hitherto a fella has had two layers of baggy pants within the folds of which to allow his heirlooms room to roll and dangle and subside and nestle and . . . well . . . you know . . . just hang. But living accommodation of late is suddenly dictated by fashion to be at a premium. Poor old Fred who was born free and enjoyed the liberty of his unfettered childhood now finds his activities curtailed by the uncomprehendingly restrictive fetterdom of tight pants. No longer can he jangle and whoop with joy all day and then in his dark dirty little moments of self indulgence stir and rustle and stand to attention and salute the flag unheralded in the catacombs . . . like an Englishman dressing for dinner in the jungle. unobserved, but loyal to the end. Oh no. Today every breath and twitch is recorded by a plethora of ever watchful female eyes. Fred, ill concealed as he is, is now the victim of constant scrutiny. No longer is he free to dingle untrammelled through the morn and noon – he now must curl up on a ledge like a caged tiger. And even a very small tiger can look quite large in captivity, Cyn. I assure you . . . them's no cod pieces, gal . . . them's for real'.

pants of modern man. So should you exaggerate your

adds a new dimension to keeping up with the Jones's



'. . . Christ'.

'Why do you say that'?

'To cover my amazement, that's all. To think that I've been mentally scorning all the fellas for wearing plastic replicas and all this time it's been a pure unadulterated procession of genuine McCoys squelching unappreciated past my scanner. I don't believe I could miss such a thing'.

'It's true, Cyn, honestly. Find me a girl who wears falsies these days and I'll try to find you a guy in a cod piece. But to get back to what started all this – you asked me why I don't wear one. Two reasons, I suppose. Firstly I wouldn't know where to get one or how to wear it if I did and secondly . . . in twenty years of active service you're the first girl to suggest that I was in any way lacking . . . may I suggest therefore that you now endeavour to justify your complaint and if in the final analysis I am found wanting then I shall be delighted to oblige you by obtaining a plastic replica. But until then . . . get stuffed'.

CUSTER'S LAST COCK-UP

continued from page 38

the latter found his long-sought trail off to the right and led his five companies along it at the gallop. He was not to know that the next possible spot to approach the river lay three miles ahead and almost directly opposite the far end of the hostile village.

Inevitably, armchair strategists ask 'Why did Custer split his command?' On the basis of available intelligence, his judgement was sound enough. The North American Red Indian followed the rational precept to retreat in the face of superior odds; and how brilliantly they staged their retreats! Throughout the history of the Indian Wars, one reads of cavalry regiments pursuing tribes for days and nights on end. Always, the Indians were trotting leisurely away on the horizon, despite their burden of cooking pots, squaws, children and elderly people. Always, it was the unencumbered cavalrymen who broke the hearts of their own horses in fruitless pursuit. For this reason, Custer's first concern was to cut off any avenue of retreat for the hostiles.

It was known that a rebellious section of the Sioux nation under Sitting Bull numbering more than two thousand, and including between 800 and 1,500 warriors, had refused to live in the allotted reservation. It was not known that these malcontents had been reinforced by thousands of itinerant groups from normally rival tribes for a Sun Dance organised by Sitting Bull. Thousands more had slipped away from their Agencies to attend this traditional bean-feast. In all, it is estimated that the village boldly surrounded by Custer's 650 troopers held 10,000-12,000 Indians, including between 5,000 and 8,000 warriors.

While Major Reno led his 150 men in an open two-mile charge towards the village with battle pennants fluttering bravely, the Indians swarmed like disturbed bees from their encampment to meet him mounted on their small fleet ponies. As Reno's detachment advanced into the great amphitheatre of the Valley of the Little Big Horn, the massing Indians fell off to both sides of him parallel to his course in inviting fashion.

It must have been about this moment that Reno began to entertain doubts about the wisdom of the whole enterprise. Perhaps a self-assuring glance to the rear in search of the General revealed a stretch of open prairie back to the river-crossing devoid of life except for the hostiles filtering cheerfully into his backtrail.

Not only was he up at the sharp end. The rest of the spear was conspicuous by its absence.

Reno halted, and ordered his men to form skirmish line. This was a routine drill-order for the cavalrymen in a check position. One man held the reins of four horses whilst his comrades deployed to fight as infantry. The hostiles, mostly armed with bows and arrows but some owning Henry and Winchester repeater rifles, swirled closer. The cavalrymen took some casualties. Reno ordered his men to fall back to a thicket of trees beside the river. The Indians also infiltrated this thicket and the sniping increased in intensity. Reno must have realised that this position, too, was untenable.

Custer in 1863 at the age of 24

Even as he considered his next move, the Indian scout, Bloody Knife, on horseback beside him, took a bullet full in the face and fell from his horse, dead.

Reno gave the call to 'Mount!', and led a half-charge, half-rout back to the river, splashed through it, and set his horse to climb the steep bluff to a plateau above, followed, in higgledly-piggedly fashion, by most of his command.

During this manoeuvre, he lost thirty or forty troopers. Some were shot in the back, and others failed to hear his last order and were left isolated on foot to face the mounted warriors.

One of the Indian scouts, Red Bear, managed to rejoin Reno's detachment.

He had an eventful journey during which he shot one painted Sioux from his horse, and was overtaken by another riderless horse that he recognised as belonging to his friend, Bob-Tailed Bull. The saddle of this horse was covered with blood. He saw some soldiers, and then Major Reno 'with a red handkerchief tied about his head, his mouth and beard white with foam which dripped down, and his eyes wild and rolling'.

Meanwhile, General Custer with his five companies, totalling approximately two hundred and seventy men, had reached the point where a rolling mile-long slope to the left of their route gave access to the river and the hostile village beyond. He halted the troop and rode off to nearby high ground with the adjutant and a trumpeter, John Martin. From this spot, the village encampment looked quiet and deserted with smouldering cook-fires.

Custer waved his stetson, and cried, 'We've caught them napping, lads. We've got them now!' There was a half-cheer from his halted command as he rode back. En route, he said to Martin, 'Orderly. I want you to take a message to Captain Benteen. Ride as fast as you can and tell him to hurry. Tell him it's a big village and I want him to be quick, and to bring the ammunition packs.'

These were the last words spoken by General Custer to any surviving witness of the battle. As he swung away, the adjutant halted Martin, and hastily scribbled a pencilled message. . . . 'Benteen. Come on. Big village. Be quick. Bring packs.
(Signed) W. W. Cooke. P.S. Bring Packs.'

This original note is preserved in the Library of the Military Academy at West Point.

John Martin rode away with his message. He was a curiously unique figure to survive this battle. His real name was Giovanni Martini. He had been in the United States for only two years, and in Europe he had fought as a drummer-boy with Garibaldi. As he reached the first bend in the trail, he met Custer's brother, Boston Custer, who had signed on as a civilian pack-master to be in on the campaign.

'Where's the General?' cried the latter.

Martin gestured behind him, and Boston Custer rode on to meet his destiny. Even as Martin spurred his horse to the trail, sporadic firing broke out behind him, and he glanced back once to see some blanketed Indian figures scattered on the slope. He surmised that there had been some kind of ambush.

He rode hard and, at one point in the trail, some Indians fired at him, but he was unwounded, although he discovered, when he arrived at Benteen's column back on the main trail, that his horse had been hit and badly hurt.

He reported to Benteen and gave him the adjutant's message. Benteen detailed an officer to cut out the ammunition mules from the pack-train about a mile behind, and made his best pace forward. He led his three companies along the trail to the right taken by Custer, but scarcely had they entered this pathway when they were met by Major Reno from the nearby plateau where his command was still holding a defensive position.

'Where is Custer?' asked Benteen.

'I don't know,' replied Reno. '– But thank God you've turned up. I've lost nearly half of my men.'

There had been a lull in the action on the plateau from about the time that Red Bear joined the group, allowing Major Reno to set up a defensive perimeter and engage his troops in making temporary breastworks from saddles and boulders.

About fifteen minutes before Captain Benteen's reinforcements arrived, two of Reno's company officers heard an outburst of gun-shots from down-river. The rifle-fire increased in intensity and volume until, in the lucid description of a supposedly illiterate Indian scout, 'it was like the sound of popping threads in a tearing blanket'.

The firing from down-river became desultory and died away. At this moment in time, both Benteen and Reno believed that

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Love Laura xxxx
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EVERY PACKET CARRIES A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

No dreams of far-away places or dancing in London's discotheques for Greta Goddard. She was born in Huddersfield, not far from Bradley Road, and there she still lives, with her parents. 'But don't get me wrong,' says 23-year-old Greta in her down-to-earth Yorkshire accent, 'I'm not going to become an old spinster, knitting my life away.' Could a girl with Greta's mother of earth charms ever get left on the shelf? 'No,' she says, 'certainly not. I've got my fair share of boyfriends and I suppose I'll settle down with someone eventually, and probably end up living in London or some other noisy place miles from home.' If you think Greta has a naughty glint in her eye then you're quite right. She may be still living at home at the age of 23 but, as she says, 'My parents have a very lenient attitude towards my life. I can stay out all night if I want to, or go away for the weekend and when I come in breakfast will be waiting, with no questions asked.' Greta has had a mischievous streak to her as long as she can remember. 'I was always getting a tanning for something or other when I was a child. Sneaking furry caterpillars into my parents' bed and hiding frogs in cupboards, that sort of thing.' She remembers her first day at the local primary school. 'I screamed my head off and pretty soon got accustomed to being slapped for this and that. It seemed to be the universal cure for anything in those days.' Now she's a big girl, big in some ways that is. She's only five feet three but between the two reference points is an ample 36-25-37. And school didn't quite manage to erase that mischievous streak of hers. She's the sort of

Clean up Saturday nights.

"...I'd swear he said coffee and records."

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Start at the top

Anti-Dandruff Shampoo
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WELLA FOR MEN
non-greasy liquid hairdressing
WELLA FOR MEN
regular shampoo
WELLA FOR MEN
anti-dandruff shampoo

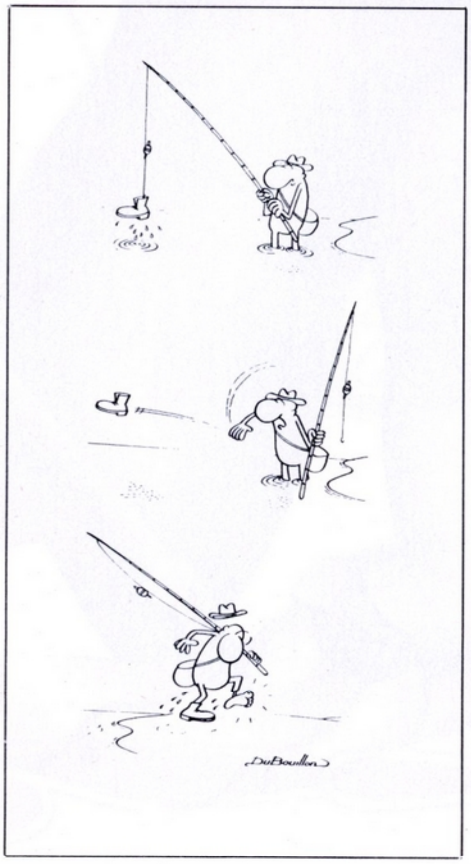
DANGER: WOMEN LAUGHING

continued from page 35

here either you just hope grin and bear it. As the film clicked remorselessly on the boys sat shrunk in frozen misery and the girls went into a kink. They bubbled. They giggled. They shrieked. They laughed oh-ing and ah-ing panting and hilariously clutching each other legs necessarily crossed and every time they caught sight of the forlorn misery of Charlie and Gilbert they were off again and finally the film ran out and Sadie and Suelo lurched to their feet and tried to regard Charlie and Gilbert seriously but collapsed again and tottered out holding each other up while the boys gawped helplessly at each other.

Next day limp and wan Charles and Gilbert went through the motions in the City considering not whether but how suicide recollection of some of the peculiar views they had presented, some of the bizarre positions made them want to rush under a bus instanter full frontal nudity.

Communication with each other was not thought of – does a man with an assegai in his belly say to another similarly afflicted You got an assegai in your belly? No. A shilling in the meter tonight balance of mind tragic death of young man two young men if I know Charlie if I know Gilbert but the Campbells were coming oh indeed they were for how could they know that seeing the film had made the girls broodily moody or is it moodily broody see Klobs: gem after gem of understatement in his virtuoso chapter 'The Risibilities of Women – Erotic Effect' and all the time Gilbert and Charles were planning suicide Suelo and Sadie were planning love and bathrooms in petunia silver taps for Sadie gilded for Suelo and the Zpiuzl wallpapers and those Italian help-me-up arm chairs in Harrods and never a word about how the film had triggered them see Klobs but 'Shall we miss the Women's Lib and go round about half-past eight and not mention the film unless they do.' No. Germaine might be there.



She wasn't but the Message was. Read out by the Chairman woman. The tyranny of bras, the unnecessariness of panties the discomfort of tights and that, Ladies is why I am not wearing a bra, why I am not wearing panties, why I am wearing stay-up stockings Great waves of vociferous applause bras showered onto platform panties showered onto platform pause grunting wriggles and tights showered onto platform warm summer's evening delicious unexpected zephyrs everyone wanting to giggle but not daring and walk or taxi straight home no bus or tube and watch it with a car you get into bottom-first. In case. And then get some clothes on Hengger Enibu's *Questions Kinsey Didn't Ask* has them dead to rights on this it won't be too late to ring Charlie ring Gilbert when we get home the fare'll be about fifteen shillings you mean seventy-five pence.

Gas? Or Pernod-and-gin and slit wrists and a bath but taps will be running and inelegant keep my briefs on? More dramatic than the oven? Those tablets have I got any? pity to waste this avocado and there's the sardines you pull to open and have that half-bottle of rosé with it this crusty bread would have gone hard: Gilbert had Brie and celery with a glass or two of Beaujolais so as not to waste it with two dinner rolls go and look my last at Her house before returning to end it all.

And Charles was there no need for speech purpose of presence clear assegais still in bellies but hang about might *see* them one more time ecstatic *'Charlie!'* from window of arriving taxi violent yawing of door anchor still dragging a little heart-stopping leg urgently extended.

Suelo's leg heedless of Liberation from panties bra and tights but only for an instant's flash of gleaming white enticement before leg snatched back convulsive swooping grab for handle to close door again fingers slip Kinetic Energy so nothing to stop Suelo's tumultuous backward propulsion into joyous Sadie love-shrieking *'Gilbert!'* taxi door swings open Suelo on seat Sadie on floor bottoms up cataclysm.

Beautiful pictures, light just right detail explicit that'll be eighty pence please crossover blouses unsuitable when bra not worn kaleidoscope of plump breasts swelling thighs inviting rumps flashes of blonde triangle flashes of black triangle Picasso. You brute gasped Sadie to Gilbert you beast gasped Suelo to Charlie Klobs cannot be faulted here they had to let the boys untangle them that'll be eighty pence sir please yes just a minute assegais gone.

That's all right. Thank you very much sir then everyone babbling no one listening hearts full eyes alight Cupid and endcorines running in tandem Suelo smiling down to Charlie Would you like to come up? . . . and Sadie smiling up to Gilbert . . . And have a drink? lift made for Four Persons Suelo Imprevu and Sadie Diorling and boy, was Klobs right!

TIO PEPE
THE other sherry
GONZALEZ BYASS JEREZ DRY FINO
ELEGANTE SHERRY
GONZALEZ BYASS JEREZ MEDIUM DRY AMONTILLADO
CONCHA SHERRY
GONZALEZ BYASS JEREZ SWEET GOLDEN
ROMANO CREAM SHERRY
SEDOSO
PRODUCE OF SPAIN
GONZALEZ BYASS JEREZ SWEET AMOROSO
BRISTOL MILK SHERRY
by GONZALEZ BYASS
TIO PEPE
ELEGANTE
CONCHA
ROMANO CREAM
BRISTOL MILK

How shady are the sexy clubs?

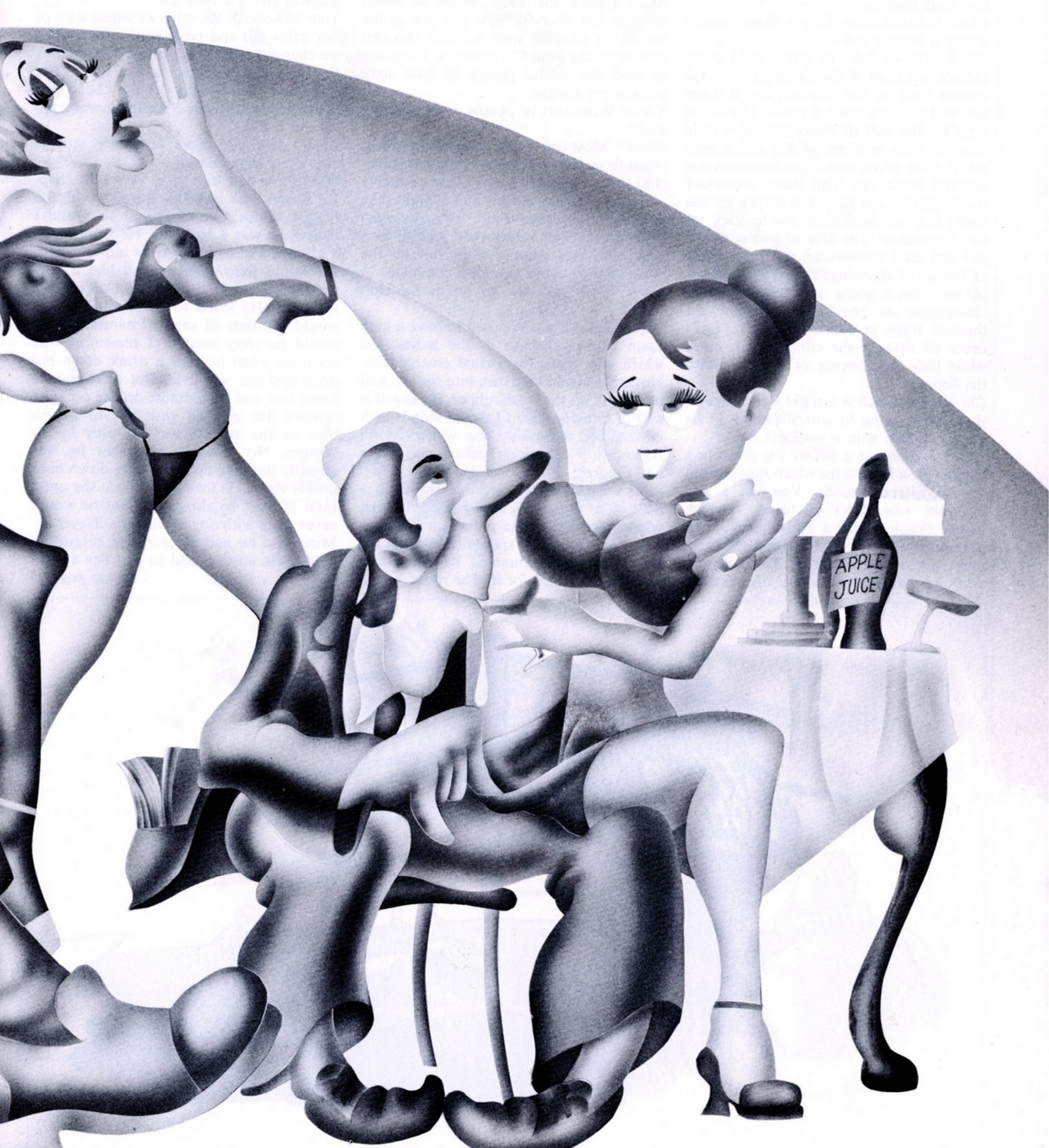
In this authentic interview an ex-clip-joint manager talks to Chris Robins about some of the tricks used in the trade. Only the names have been changed

Clip-joints are back in vogue with a vengeance. As the discotheque scene goes through its death-throes the old style night-clubs which are really near-beer parlours are sprouting up all over London.

The manager of one of these clubs came to me with his story. An ex-public school boy whom we shall call Nigel although this is not his real name, had run a discotheque in Soho which was not making money. The owners decided to turn it into a hostess club. Nigel worked in the club for several months before getting disgusted with the way it operated. He gives the run down on the sort of club you might find yourself in one night after a few drinks. It's an amazing story of what goes on – the peculiar tastes of the clientele, the tough tactics of the hostesses, the ruthless robbery of the people who run them and the bribery involved in keeping them going.

Chris: How did you find yourself in the world of the hostess clubs?

Nigel: I went into the discotheque business;



I had never been in clubs before and quite liked it so I stuck at it for a couple of years. I ended up managing a disco – that was a new venture.

It didn't make money so we turned it into a night club. It took us two days. It's happening all over London. I can think of six discos in a year that have been turned into night clubs.

Chris: What changes did you make to turn it into a hostess club?

Nigel: All we did was put a gold plate outside, cut most of the lighting down and remove most of the trimmings of a disco and make it very much a room. That's the term for this sort of place, you have your 'rooms' which is where all the action goes on. It's the place where the hostesses are actually lined up. The most important thing we did was to put a carpet on the floor, not for decoration but to soak up the champagne. The idea of this is that a girl gets paid commission on the number of bottles of champagne she gets a punter to buy. She's going to order as much champagne as possible and might get through three or four bottles. She can't drink all that so she either tips it away while they are dancing or pours it onto the floor.

Chris: How much is a night out in one of these clubs going to cost somebody if he wants to sleep with a woman?

Nigel: As soon as a punter sits down he's eligible for a hostess fee which ranges from five to fifteen pounds. You get a few hostesses who don't go 'case' – which means sleeping with a customer and the expression comes from the overnight cases they carry around with them. The ones who don't go case ask for a very high hostess fee, say fifteen pounds, and if the customer doesn't give it to her she gives the nod to the waiter who usually adds it onto the punter's bill. A bottle of champagne will cost you about a tenner. You have to buy the girl a drink and she always drinks champagne and orders it by the bottle, so you're in for at least a couple of bottles. Then there's the meal which is about another ten pounds. Now you are in the stakes for sleeping with her and this can cost anything from £25 upwards. It's going to cost the careful punter at least sixty pounds for a night.

Chris: What sort of people come into the club?

Nigel: Most of them are businessmen, often from the North and down for something like the Motor Show. They probably work very hard in the day and at night they want a really good time. They want to sleep around but rather than just go to a prostitute they want a night out on the town so they come to a club like mine.

Chris: Does any sex go on in the club itself?

Nigel: Yes it does. We used to have a long foam rubber cushion in the ladies' loo which was there for virtual emergencies. Hostesses would take men into the loo and have it off on the foam rubber. If I saw this sort of thing going on I would stop it as it is very bad business. The waiters don't try and stop it as the girl usually gives them half the fee.

Also we had very long table cloths so a little bit of titillation could go on. The girls would masturbate the punters and things like that. One girl's speciality was poking her thumb up a punter's backside, and she was renowned for it. The room was in two sections and one section had very low lights with a table along the wall at the back. All you could see of a punter was his head, shoulders and hands. Everything else was hidden. They could literally do what they liked. Some punters would remove all of their lower clothing. If you saw a hostess disappear below the table line you knew she was giving a blow-job.

That was one of the ways we wiped a lot of our debts out and postponed others when we changed over from being a discotheque. We gave the tradesmen a free night. The hostesses were pretty rough but they seemed to enjoy themselves and it was good for our credit.

Chris: Did you have any very strange customers as regulars?

Nigel: We had one very, very odd chap. He always used to go for the girls with the biggest boobs. He was about sixty and I believe he was a barrister. He would pick a girl out and have her treat him like dirt. He would follow her around like a dog, even follow her to the loo and wait outside the door. He loved to be insulted so she would call him all sorts of names and he would get very excited. I remember one occasion when he spilt a drink down her dress and she was livid. But of course he loved this and was almost on the point of orgasm. He pleaded with her to punish him so she started sticking pins in his bottom. Not content with that he was actually standing up and sitting down hard on his chair. He loved it. I think she got a total of eight in altogether. But he would never sleep with any of the girls. Never.

Mind you he had some rather disgusting habits. He always used to buy her a meal

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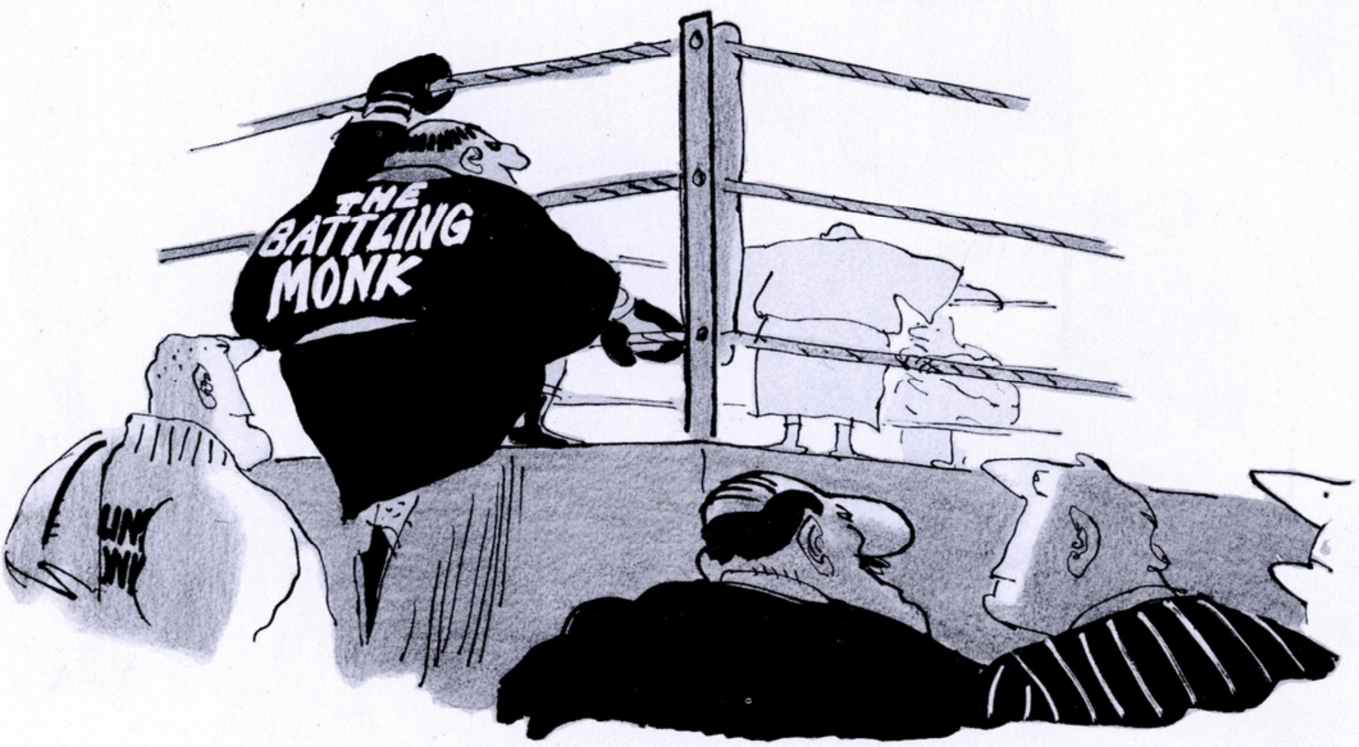

'Watch this boy – first he turns the other cheek, then he flattens them with a right cross and a bolo.'

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A team of canvassers were doing an intensive house to house campaign in a well-to-do area of town. One pair of earnest young men, having been successful in obtaining a reply to their front door tattoos, were deeply engrossed in conversation with the lady of the house. Suddenly she interrupted them:

'You're Mormons, aren't you? Isn't it true you're allowed to have four wives?'

'Yes, madam,' they replied 'that, is quite correct.'

'Really!' she exlaimed, 'you ought to be bloody-well hung.'

Back came the reply:

'But we are, dear lady, we are.'

Two male patients at a mental home were sitting in the sunshine. A lone bird flew high overhead and left an unwanted deposit which landed squarely on the bald pate of one of the patients.

The young nurse attending them, called out: 'Don't move Mr Watson, I'll be right back with some toilet paper.'

The bald man turned to his friend and smiled complacently.

'That young nurse wants her head examined,' he said. 'By the time she gets back with that paper, that bird will be miles away.'

Little Jimmy had asked where his baby sister had come from, and had been given one of the old reassuring lies. 'Must say,' he confided to his pal next door. 'I never thought my dad was one of those men who would do it with a stork.'

A boy and his psychology student girl were sat on the couch together when he whispered in her ear:

'How about joining me for a cosy weekend in a quiet country hotel?'

'I'm afraid,' she answered, 'that my awareness of your proclivities in the esoteric aspects of sexual behaviour precludes such an erotic confrontation.'

'I don't get it,' he said.

'Precisely,' she said, smiling sweetly.

The gorgeous foreign movie star was shown into the doctor's room.

'Have you ever had a check-up?' he asked her.

'I don't think so,' she replied, 'only a Hungarian, a couple of Poles and a young Yugoslav.'

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

Jacques, very very French, and his English host had a few drinks at the bar and then entered the dining room. After reading the menu carefully Jacques turned to the waitress and said:

'I would like ze fried cat.'

The waitress and his English friend were dumbfounded.

'Jacques,' his friend pleaded, 'there is no cat on the menu! You know the English don't eat cat!'

'Why,' cried Jacques, 'all ze time I hear ze English talking about Frenchmen eating ze poosie! Tonight I want to try some.'

The sneakiest man in the world is the one who didn't tell his wife he was sterile until after she became pregnant.

Watson and Sherlock Holmes were staying in a hotel on the Welsh coast. While they were both going up to their rooms a bedroom door opened and a naked man, covered all over with dirt except for his organ, crossed the corridor and entered the toilet.

Now Watson never ceased to be astounded by Holmes' powers of deduction and siezing the opportunity, turned to Holmes and said: 'I bet you can't tell me who that man is.'

Holmes gave him a casual glance and said: 'Elementary, my dear Watson. It's obvious that he's a coal miner on honeymoon.'

Our office romeo fancies himself as an expert in lady's fashions. Every time his girl buys a new bra, he insists on having a hand in it.

High in the Himalayas two lamas were sitting in profound contemplation. From September to January neither said a word, both silently concentrating on the complexities of life.

'Life . . . life is like a deep, dark well,' said the first lama towards the end of January.

The second lama remained silent and the spring months passed by. Then in the middle of July he spoke:

'Why is life like a deep dark well?' he asked.

The first lama said nothing and summer and autumn passed by until, in the middle of December, he spoke:

'All right, have it your way. Life isn't like a deep dark well.'

There was no doubt about it. The young girl was pregnant and in tears about it. Her father questioned her about her being upset and she finally admitted what the trouble was and that the wealthy bachelor whom she had been seeing was responsible. So daddy went round to the bachelor's flat and asked him what he intended to do about the predicament.

'Well,' said the bachelor, 'I'm not going to marry her but if it's a girl I'll give you £5,000 and if it's a boy it'll be £10,000.'

The father thought for a while: 'Listen,' he said, 'OK, but if it's a miscarriage will you give her a second chance?'

A man met his ex-wife at a party and after a few drinks he asked her if she would spend the night with him just for old times' sake.

'Over my dead body!' she said.

'That's right,' he replied, 'let's not change a thing.'

A lecher called Fletcher from Streatham,
Won the applause of three whores when he bet 'em,
As they lay in their beds,
He could pee o'er their heads:
But his pee was too wee and he wet 'em!

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2. There is a free subscription for the reader whose letter is selected. In case of duplication of jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on awarding a subscription is final.

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and she would chew the food and pass it to him and he would chew it. He always wanted to go in and watch her while she went to the loo.

Chris: How do you know all this?

Nigel: The girls talk. Nineteen to the dozen. When anything peculiar is going on everybody knows about it and is watching. On some nights I began to doubt my own sanity seeing this sort of carry on.

Another incredible thing about the masochist I was talking about – he knew everything about bras. He could figure out what size cup a girl was wearing at a glance. He was very polite and loved to be dominated.

The kinky characters would always go for two types of hostess. They either wanted the ones with big boobs or the black girls. It was always one of the two.

There were always a few regular weirds on the books. There was a Guards officer who used to come in every time before he went off to Aldershot for training. We even had a railway official who saved up for months for a visit. Poor chap, I felt sorry for him. He used to tell the waiters not to top his bill up too much as he had worked for months to be able to afford this one night when he would come and have a blow-out and take a girl home.

One of our owners, talking about little old men, used to spend a fortune down the club. He was a mild little man from up North.

All he used to do was come down for a different hostess each time. He didn't care how the business was going as long as he had a different one each night. He used to pay them as well. He went through a whole routine, pretending to be a customer.

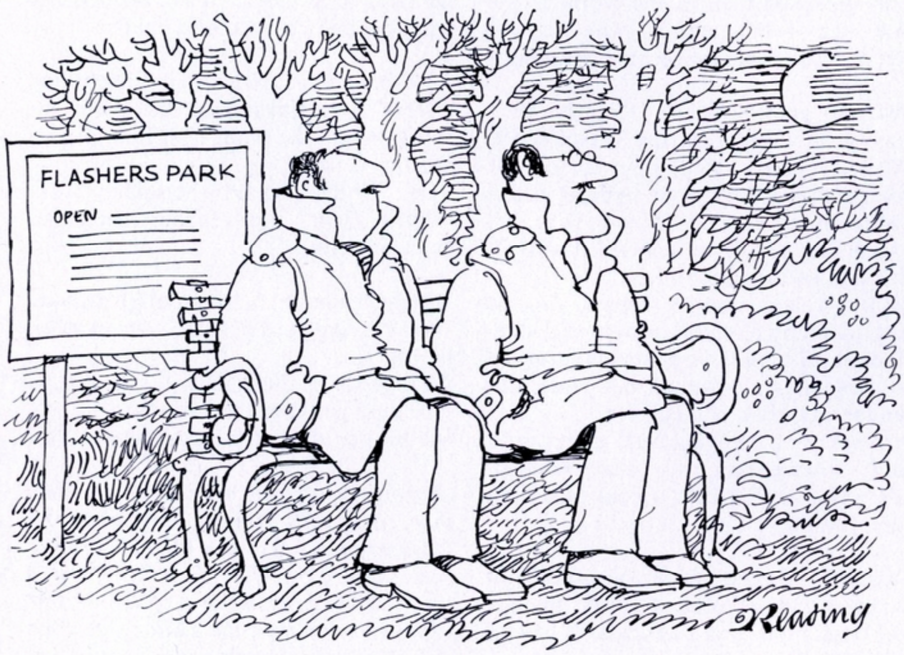
We got a lot of famous people down the club which surprised me no end. We had Lords, diplomats etc. There was one gentleman from one of the embassies who used to come a lot. He always used to pay in jewellery as he never carried cash. He would check in at the desk with all these rings and stuff and we would value them and tell him how much credit he had for the night. He bought gallons of champagne and sometimes would take a couple of girls home with him.

Once we had a Sheikh from the Middle East or somewhere. He bought two tables for the night at £50 each so that nobody else could sit at them. He had a look at all the girls in the club, paid them all a hostess fee and said he didn't want any of them. He wanted a fourteen year old girl. Of course I was in a bit of a quandary and didn't know what to do. We just didn't have any fourteen year olds around. We solved it eventually when he settled for a fifteen year old who was the sister of one of the hostesses. He wined and dined her and saw a lot of her afterwards, the next thing he took her away with him. I heard from her sister that she now lives in Paris with a chauffeur-driven Rolls, the lot.

One punter had never screwed any of the girls but he used to love to take two of them back and they would make lesbian love in front of him. They used to plate each other but in actual fact they were sucking their thumbs. At least that is what they told me but one never knows with this sort of girl.

Chris: Are these clubs within the law?

Nigel: Most of them are not, no. The licensing laws are very strict. You open a club and you've got your licence and it's a membership club. Most of the punters coming down are only in London for a week, so what you do is let them sign a membership form on the door and you backdate it. This is all well and good but the police obviously know this dodge. If a customer stuck to his guns there is nothing the police could do but we've been raided a couple of times and the first thing the police do is ask the customers. They don't want any trouble as they know they're being a bit naughty so they say what the police want to hear. But it's pretty good because the police can't close the club down. It comes up before sessions and you get fined. The first time we were fined £150 and the second time £250 and told that the club would be closed down if it went on. But we made a smart move and got a restaurant licence. This means that punters don't have to be members but they do have to have a meal. This solves all the problems.



'I'll just give them a bit of hairy ankle tonight, it's a bit windy for the full frontal.'

Chris: How did you get the punters to the club?

Nigel: We used a system of touting. When we opened we had a party especially for cabbies and touts. We must have had thirty cabbies and as many touts. We gave them as much booze as they could drink, explained the idea of the club and sent them on their way. We opened the next day and we had a host of punters brought in the first night.

Chris: How do they work?

Nigel: Touts are people who stand around outside strip clubs, revue bars and places like this. Anywhere where there's a bit of tit about. When the customers come out, having seen their tit shows, they are in the right frame of mind to be brought to us. The tout brings them and he gets a fiver a head. The cabbies get the same but the rate varies as we used to operate a bonus system. Some of the cabbies would bring twelve to fifteen people a week. After the first ten they used to get a bonus of ten pounds and after fifteen another tenner bonus.

Chris: Did you advertise at all?

Nigel: In actual fact we did a lot of straight advertising. We advertised in Kelly's Directory, What's On, Where To Go and other publications. Another slightly less subtle form of advertising takes place when the big shows are on at Earls Court. I knew a club where they had a bunch of dirty leaflets printed, and distributed them in the men's loos. They didn't cloud the issue. The leaflets read, 'Gorgeous Girls Willing to be Fucked' and then gave the address of the club.

Chris: Don't you ever get trouble with customers? Aren't they conned?

Nigel: Invariably they are. We call this topping up. If the bill is topped up it means it has ten or fifteen pounds added on for good measure. If you have a customer coming in with a few friends, they have a meal and a few bottles of champagne and are pretty plastered by the time the end of the evening comes. They've got their girls and they are going home and they have spent a couple of hundred quid – they're not going to notice another twenty added on the bill. Some of them do, mind you, and then there's trouble. We had a head waiter who assaulted a customer once because he hadn't given him a large enough tip. We had to cool that one down, knock something off the bill and so on to stop the customer calling the police.

Chris: Do people ever refuse to pay?

Nigel: Occasionally. But most of the

turn to page 66

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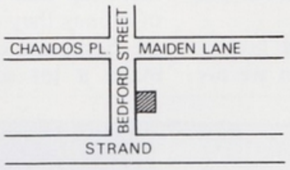

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HPP

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waiters are fairly heavy and manage to convince them. We did have one incident where the man didn't actually refuse to pay but had his wallet stolen by a hostess. He was very, very pissed so a couple of waiters accompanied him back to his flat. They stayed with him and forced him to produce some money. When he tried to give them a cheque they roughed him up a little bit and eventually he called the police. But there were two of them and they swore he fell down the stairs and the punter was so drunk he couldn't remember much. But we had a very, very stiff warning and a couple of the senior boys from West End Central came around.

Chris: It is possible, isn't it, just to wander in off the street into one of these clubs and not know what you are in for?

Nigel: Yes it is. But reception is very good over this. If somebody walks in who obviously hasn't got any money they are told what sort of club it is. Say a young longhair comes in we usually tell them, 'Sorry, this is a membership club'.

Chris: What about somebody from the North who just wants a drink?

Nigel: A Scotch will cost him a pound. But this is not the sort of person we are after really. We like to see people our own touts have brought in because we know they have come for a purpose.

Chris: Are all hostesses prostitutes?

Nigel: Most hostesses are prostitutes but there are a few who don't go case. But they would probably give a blow-job at the table even if they won't sleep with a customer. Usually they are very, very hard – not surprisingly. The most successful hostess I ever had down the club was a sex change. She was terrific. Everybody wanted her.

Chris: Where do the girls come from?

Nigel: A lot of girls start innocently enough working in discotheques. They like the night life and the money and then maybe lose their job or something. They have an expensive flat they want to keep so they decide that being a hostess is not so bad if they don't go case. And for a couple of months they don't. Then they realise that the girls who are going case are earning four times more money. So they end up going case themselves. We had one girl who did it part time, three times a week. She was a school teacher and taught hockey and maths at a grammar school. Most of them say that when they have made a bit of money they are going to get out but few do. Some are extremely successful and do make a lot of money and go on into business and property and all sorts of things. A good hostess can make unlimited money. Some punters are outrageous. One gave a girl £100 just for sitting with him. Others buy them cars, houses, everything. Naturally they all have their little special effects. A hostess will often kiss a waiter in front of a punter to make him jealous and randy. Also there used to be a great trade in hostesses' knickers which the punters took away with them for a fiver or so. The girls would whip off their knickers at the table and sell them to the customer.

One of their nastier tricks are the arrangements they have with managers in some of the small hotels in London. They take a punter back and he hires a room for the night. They go upstairs and the girl says that she would like to get the business over and get straight on with the pleasure and the punter hands over the money. Then there is a knock at the door and the hotel manager shouts, 'You know you're not allowed to bring a woman in here sir. Unless the lady leaves immediately I'm going to call the police'. The punter has no choice. The hostess is out of the room before he has thought about it. She's made £25 for five minutes and goes straight back. Often the most popular girl in a club is the cigarette girl. It is very rare for the cigarette girl to be a hostess but sometimes if a punter wants to talk to her he'll buy her whole stock just to have her sit down for ten minutes and talk. That will cost him £40. He is not supposed to pull the girl but deals are often made for afterwards.

Chris: When you changed over from discotheque to clip-joint how much more money did you make?

Nigel: We made three times as much money in the first week. There are all sorts of tricks pulled on the customers. If a punter was very, very pissed we would send him a bottle of apple juice and charge him for champagne. They couldn't tell the difference. If they asked for beer we gave them a lager which was only two and a half per cent proof and that cost them a pound a bottle. And often the champagne the girls drink is tonic water or something.

We made sure that we were members of all the credit schemes as so many people want to pay by cheque or credit card. We like credit cards – people are extravagant on them. I can remember one hostess who slept with a one legged man. She wasn't worried when he took off his leg but she was furious the next morning when he tried to pay her by cheque.

Chris: Did you provide any entertainment?

Nigel: We had a little trio and a singer. And strippers of course.

Chris: You left this scene last month, didn't you, why?

Nigel: It's not difficult to understand, surely? I slipped into it, the money was good and I couldn't think of anything else to do. Don't forget once you become a night person you don't meet many day people. All your friends and contacts are in the club world. At first the antics at the club amused me. Then I saw what was really going on and it used to depress me. It is a relief to be out of it, believe me.

BRITISH EMBASSY
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'George, darling – this is Mr Petrowski – Mr. Petrowski wants to apply for political asylum.'

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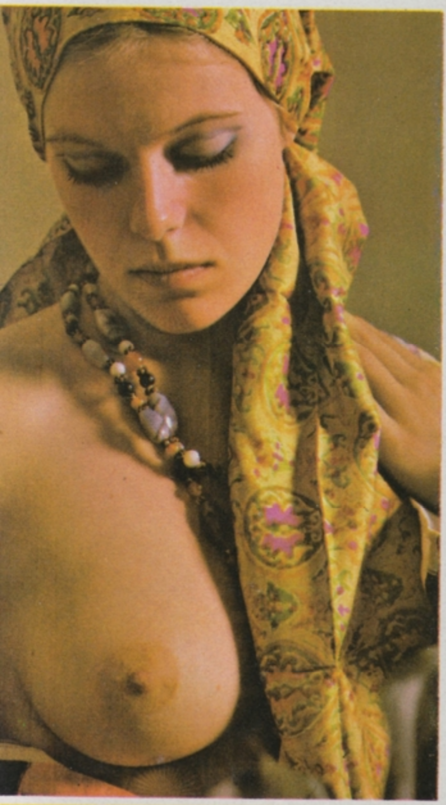

A girl of good English stock is sultry Suzie. She was christened Susan Lanyon Croyden and while living at Birdham Village, near Chichester, started riding horses at the age of three. Now at the ripe and tender age of 19 her love of horses is as strong as ever. Bournemouth was the scene of the rise and fall of Suzie's education. She came out of Talbot Heath Grammar school with seven O-levels but after moving on to Bournemouth Technical college she left after two terms. 'I was distracted by all the men,' she says as she gazes at you with those blue-grey eyes, hardly ever smiling. Life is always serious for Suzie. You wonder what she's

thinking. Could it be she's just waiting for you to drive her 36–24–36 welcoming flesh up into the heights of passion. Or perhaps she's thinking about horses again, about breaking them in when she moved to Wales recently. 'I enjoy being with horses,' she says, 'In fact I get on with them better than I do people. My mother is the only person I can really talk to, particularly on sex matters.' She takes sex very seriously, 'I was lucky,' she says, 'my doctor put me on the Pill when I was 16. I can enjoy life without having to worry about it.' What next? She says she's done some amateur dramatics and is interested in films as well as modelling.

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QUEST

The laboratory of human response Volume Four

This month we undertake an entirely new survey. We call it 'men with office hour mistresses'. We found a number of girls who were having sex with married men they worked with or had met, and that these affairs were conducted almost entirely in the daytime. So there were no excuses of 'working late at the office' or secret week-ends in obscure hotels, and thus less risk than usual of the man's wife discovering the affair. The girls seemed happy to have sex, often at short notice and in difficult situations, and yet did not appear too possessive about the man. Their forthright admissions show a most intriguing new facet of the sexual scene.

INTRODUCTION

In conducting our Quest interviews we discovered an area of sexual activity of considerable interest to us. This is where a married man was having an affair with a girl, but conducted within office working hours or its reasonable extensions. This form of affair appears to avoid many of the dangers and pitfalls of a married man having a mistress. The bogus overnight stays, the 'working late at the office' cliches, were all avoided. Although, of course, wives were not interviewed, the evidence of the husband and girlfriend appeared to show that there was no suspicion of the affair.

This type of liaison would appear to depend on the girl not getting possessive about the husband or wishing to escalate the situation to divorce and remarriage. The sex act is the core of the affair. In our interviews most of the girls appeared to be satisfied with this, certainly we noted that they were more graphic than most when it came to describing their experience. We noted, too, that often an element of 'danger' added an extra zest to the act; some girls seemed to relish the fact that they might be discovered 'in flagrante delicto'. For the men involved, it seemed to be an ideal situation: an adoring girlfriend, sex almost when they felt like it, little risk to their marriage, very little cost. In all, an intriguing sexual triangle well worth surveying . . .

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

***One* Secretary, 22 years old, black haired, town of origin Stockport**

This interviewee had begun secretarial work as an agency temporary. She was now secretary to a departmental head. Her father had died in a road accident when she was 16 and her mother had remarried. She had two older brothers, and shared a flat with three other girls.

Quest: Did you set out to seduce your boss or did he seduce you?

Secretary: It wasn't as simple as that and it didn't seem like seduction. I was originally booked as a temp to replace Peter's – I'm sorry will you change that name, it could be most difficult if this ever got out? Yes?

Quest: Names in all interviews are changed.

Secretary: I replaced Peter's secretary on a short term basis, in terms of perhaps a week, perhaps a few days more. The girl was supposedly ill and I had planned to take three weeks ski-ing at Chamonix just before Chrimbo – I could just afford it, my own super present.

Quest: This was last Christmas?

Secretary: The one just gone, well more than just gone, but the last one. But. The girl was either iller than they thought – or she was a master wangler, because I was booked for another week.

Quest: But you could easily have refused?

Secretary: I could put my hol back a week and have Chrimbo at the ski hotel. My flatmates said I should, I might meet a beautiful instructor and spend Christmas with him. Sarah said they were a randy lot – she likes discussing things like that in detail but she's not as shocking as she pretends though she did sleep with a ski instructor. She's quite an expert, ski-ing that is. Anyway a ski-ing Christmas is supposed to be terrific. Then there was Peter, too. I liked the thought of going back to that office for another week because there was something about Peter that clicked with me.

Quest: Was it as strong as a sexual attraction?

Secretary: It wasn't exactly a meeting of minds because he's so intelligent. I could listen to him just talking for a week. He's very witty too. But it wasn't exactly because I really considered him sexually either. I mean, I didn't see him and imagine sleeping with him, not straight away.

Quest: Did you know he was married then?

Secretary: Didn't I just. Ho. He told me I had to handle his wife. She was inclined to phone him at all hours and he wouldn't mix home life with work. I spent half Monday morning explaining he was in a board meeting and Peter was sitting on my desk writing little notes on scraps of paper and passing them to me explaining what I should say. In amongst all these pieces of paper was one which said: 'She needs a modesty board.' I thought I had to pass that on to his wife and I made a puzzled expression at him. He scribbled another: 'They're my favourite colour – transparent.' It made me giggle and I crossed my legs. He meant my panties.

Quest: Were they transparent?

Secretary: They were very small and pale pinky flesh colour. I did show through a teeny bit.

Quest: You were wearing a very short skirt?

Secretary: Yes, it was dark green. I still have it and Peter likes it the best – it's a strip of material I had left over when I was making curtains for the flat. I thought it would make a pretty little skirt – but it's not that small – it covers my bottom. And outside I wore a maxi over it with white boots. I think I look quite swish like that.

Quest: So the conspiratorial aspect of your relationship began the first morning?

Secretary: He was like that all the time, throwing funny sexy things into something serious but with a terribly straight face. I found a note on my desk Wednesday morning which said: 'Legs crossed all day today, please, I'm feeling desperate. Any parting of more than 48 millimetres will be construed as an open invitation.' I had to look it up to see what millimetres were. I wondered how big he was, only a fleeting thought. I buzzed on the intercom and jokingly asked how I should walk into his office. 'How,' he said, 'well why not try it in just your panties?' He wasn't being serious though he didn't touch me physically at all. It was like being ragged by my brothers but in a different way.

Quest: You enjoyed it?

Secretary: I didn't take it seriously enough not to.

Quest: But the sexual thought of him was planted?

Secretary: I felt nothing as strong as that. I just knew he was being very natural and anything with him would be above board and direct.

Quest: What was his real attitude towards his wife?

Secretary: He was obviously very fond of her. After Monday morning he took most of her calls himself. I think Monday morning was just to establish some bond of feeling between us. I think it was deliberate.

Quest: He saw you sexually from the start?

Secretary: He certainly saw my panties – yes, I think he did, possibly because of the clothes I wore.

Quest: When was the first physical approach?

Secretary: When I went back for the second week I was actually looking forward to him. I was surprised to find myself thinking of him over the weekend, not sexually, just as a man.

Quest: Surely that must have been sexual?

Secretary: I thought perhaps of us both together with the rest of the world outside. It was possessive of me, I suppose. I think I almost felt jealous that he might have other people around him over the weekend.

Quest: Tell me about the first approach.

Secretary: Christmas decorations. He sent me out for a load of decorations and when I brought them back we hung them up together. There were people knocking on his door and wandering in all the time. He said he'd have to get a secretary for me but he went on hanging the streamers with me. We were standing on the desk and on chairs and he'd shout; 'Come in' and talk to them over his shoulder with his hands full of paper streamers and those bell things that never stay open properly. He had to get down to answer the phone. I was standing on the desk reaching over to the window to pin a streamer in. He put the phone down and said to me: 'Are you afraid of me?' I didn't see what he was getting at. He was standing by the phone looking up at me. I didn't feel anything. I said: 'Of course not.' I was rather pleased he was looking up my legs, under my skirt frankly. It was a pleasant feeling. 'Good,' he said. 'I'm going to lift you up off the desk and sit you on my shoulders so you can reach the window.' My voice shook then. I just said yes. I trembled a little when he put both his hands flat on the fronts of my thighs and guided me to the edge of the desk. Then he stood with his back to me and put his hands up behind him on the backs of my thighs and guided my bottom onto his shoulders.

Quest: Did this excite you sexually?

Secretary: It gave me this shaky woozy feeling. The back of his neck was rough with crinkly hair and warm. When he turned his head I felt it right through my tights and panties. He was holding my ankles down at his sides and my freda – that's my pet name, sorry – was jammed against his neck. I found it difficult to concentrate on the decorations and I couldn't stick the drawing pins in hard enough. I thought, what if someone should come in, and I thought, what will Peter do when he puts me down.

Quest: Was there anything in particular you wanted him to do?

Secretary: I would have liked to have stayed like that for a longer time because I felt disappointed when he backed towards the desk when the streamers were finished by the window. I said: 'There's one over there that needs sticking up to the door.' I was trying to prolong this wonderful closeness to him and I wanted him to walk me over there. I had my hands on his head in his hair. I wanted to wriggle myself hard against his neck and I was going to but he sat me down on the desk with a bump and turned round to face me. He just stood between my parted thighs and put his hands on my shoulders. He said: 'Do I still not frighten you?' I said, no, he didn't, rather weakly. Then he said: 'Does anything in the world worry you?' I didn't know what he meant, exactly. I just looked in his eyes – his eyes are dark brown and deep and soft and his nose is long and strong. He said: 'Does the fact that someone might walk in worry you?' I said, no, why should it and he said because of what he was going to do to me. I couldn't stop looking in his eyes. I knew then I wanted him to kiss me. His lips were in that shape and I watched his face coming closer. His hands slipped off my shoulders and before he kissed me they went down the front of my blouse and rested on the tips of my breasts. My nipples began to swell then under his hands. I couldn't believe this was happening. Then he kissed me and put his tongue in my mouth. It felt naughty as anything like a phallic thing. It seemed to fill my mouth. I rather shakily put my hands up to his shoulders. He moved his hands right down off my breasts letting the ends squeeze up slowly from under his fingers and moved them down across my stomach as we were still kissing – it was all slow motiony even the kissing, I felt him moving every inch of the way and my stomach relaxed itself out to meet his hands as though I couldn't get the breath to hold it in. He smoothed the tops of my thighs until his hands were at my knees. Then he pushed his hand under my thighs and I would have fallen backwards if I hadn't had him by the shoulders – I wanted to fall backwards anyway. Anyway his hands were under my thighs and he pulled me gently towards the edge of the desk. I felt my skirt slipping out from under my bottom and my cheeks sliding across the leather on the top. He pulled me right up against him. I put my hands further round his neck and my bottom lifted up a bit off the leather. I didn't care what he did, I just wanted him to do it.

Quest: You weren't at all worried of people coming in?

Secretary: I didn't give a care. I don't think Peter did either.

Quest: Go on.

Secretary: When my bottom lifted off the desk Peter's hands went to my tights and I could feel the nylon sliding away. God, I knew what he was going to do and I wanted it more than anything, more than keeping my job, more than scandals. Of course we're much more careful now. But Peter was a terrible devil. The risk didn't seem to matter, it seemed to make it better, the danger of it.

Quest: Perhaps that appealed to you too?

Secretary: I don't know. I thought I'd pass out if someone knocked on the door. I was back on the edge of the desk, the leather was on my bare bottom, it was warm and nice. My panties had gone with my tights. He had pulled them just as far as freda – my little wet fanny.

Quest: Little?

Secretary: Erm. My . . .? I'm quite tight there. Peter says it makes it difficult for him to control his ejaculation but I don't care if he comes straight away, he always lets me get him on edge again.

Quest: Sorry, go on.

Secretary: My pubic hair was tickling just in the very top of my tights. Peter was still kissing me, turning his head from side to side so he was almost crushing my lips. My mouth was wet too. When I opened my eyes I saw he had had his open all the time and he was looking or trying to look at my pubic hair which is jet black like my hair and gets all tangled. He won't let me prune it though. He loves it – he snuffles at it like a doggie and tickles me so much I giggle. I felt he had his thumb under my tights from the side just pressing down at the back of my freda where it goes almost between my buttocks. That was when I thought I heard a knock on the door because I remember I was about to try and slide forward onto his thumb.

Quest: What happened?

Secretary: My heart crashed and started hammering like fury and I held myself rigid. I felt quite faint. Peter stood grinning at me from ear to ear. He had accidentally kicked his foot against the desk; not a knock at all. I just collapsed. Peter kissed me very softly on the forehead and said: 'These tights are the very devil. They're coming between us.' He helped me up off the desk and helped my pull my tights and panties back on.

A little later there was a real knock on the door and Peter pushed me backwards into the chair by his desk and sat in his own. He put his feet up on the desk and

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shouted: 'Come in.' It was one of the other departmental heads. I'm sure he wondered. My hair felt all mussy and I felt my whole body was screaming out what had happened. Peter was lounging all over the place with his feet up, looking most unconcerned and helping himself to a cigarette. I resisted a temptation to smooth my hair because that would make it more obvious. Peter said: 'That's all Miss Burton (name changed). See that it's done within the hour,' and waved his hand towards the door.

Quest: This was the start of a regular affair?

Secretary: I must be the luckiest secretary in the world – and I can't keep away from the office.

Quest: Doesn't this impair your working relationship?

Secretary: I think Peter held back the first week because he was wondering whether it would. He had to get to know better what my own attitude would be. I mean, he could easily have manufactured his own excuse – the decorations one wasn't necessary – he's very inventive in his own way. In sex too, I must say. But as far as office work is concerned he's very straightforward about that, like when he showed me out of the office that first time, he changes to a serious mood without being horrible about it. I seem to change from mistress to naughty little daughter in an instant. I feel that way too. We have a complete arrangement now though we didn't at first. If he touches me and I react then he seduces me.

Quest: Do you ever feel like sex in the office and make approaches by touching him?

Secretary: Only once. I sensed he would rather make the approach after that. I went and sat on his knee without him asking and put my hand down between us on his penis. He'd called me in to take some letters and I was feeling sexy. He didn't push me off but he was uneasy so I let him take the initiative now. Sometimes when I'm sitting with my legs crossed by his desk he reaches round with a pencil and runs it along the underside of the thigh that's crossed over the other one. When the pencil gets near my bottom it makes me shiver. That starts me off.

Quest: You mentioned that Peter was inventive in his own way, in sex too. How is he inventive in sex?

Secretary: Well, he just is. He can't lock his door so he had an idea that there was one door in the office that could be locked – in the toilet, the executive toilet, silly name. It's only a double room, one with a wash basin and the other with the toilet, and it's only used by a handful of people. He actually worked out the hours when it wasn't being used and one day took me in there. He started by sitting on the loo lid and sitting me on top of him facing him so he could love my breasts that time. He likes to watch my bottom pumping up and down sometimes and makes me sit facing away from him. The first time we sneaked in there it was naughtier than anything I'd ever done before. He slid the bolt on the door. I felt too embarrassed to do anything but stand and watch him. He pulled me into his arms and walked me backwards, while we were kissing until my bottom was against the wash basin. He opened my blouse and put both his hands inside and pushed my bra up and started smoothing my breasts. I put my hand down between his thighs and he spread his legs a little so I could get my hand round it. I pulled the zip straight down and pushed my hand in deep round his testicles – he likes that. I have long fingernails and he likes me to scratch them on the underneath. His penis was terribly hard as usual and standing up and I drew my hand under his testicles scratching with my fingernails and scratched all the way up to the tip of him. That was the only thing that made him lose control in sex. He pulled away and took hold of my hand and led me into the other room. He put the lid down and sat on it with his organ sticking up like a marlin spike but bigger and more terrible.

Quest: Broader too.

Secretary: (Laughter) We've found that because I'm so tight he can hold on much longer if I sit on top of him. He can reach up under me and help with his fingers. I put my hands on the walls – it's a tiny cubicle really and lower myself slowly. I love doing that so I can feel first the tip and then the rest sliding smoothly in. He says he loves watching the muscles on my thighs when they stand out when I'm squatting over him like that. That's how we made love.

Quest: He had presumably taken your tights and panties off when he had you against the wash basin?

Secretary: I wasn't wearing any.

Quest: Not even panties?

Secretary: Not that day. I usually do though, but not tights anymore. That dates back from the day we were disturbed with the decorations. I felt so worked up and dizzy with wanting him and I knew I had to love him. I even knew he was the man for me, then. We were so . . . so 'sympathetique' together as the French say. I think I loved him then. It wasn't conceivable to me to be in love with another man. When the man had gone he buzzed me through to take notes. I had an impulse to take my tights off. Since then I haven't worn them in the office.

Quest: So you took your tights off and went into his office?

Secretary: Yes. I bent down behind my desk and slipped them off and put them in my handbag and put my boots back on. In his office, he motioned me to a chair and started dictating. I hoped he had noticed. When he had finished I stood up. I was such a mixture of emotions inside. I got flustered. He was staring at my face. I hummed and hawed. I didn't want it to stop there. I said: 'I've taken my tights off, Peter.' That was the first time I used his Christian name. He didn't say anything for a moment. Then he said: 'I see you have.' He stood up and came towards me and he was decided then, I think, that we would have this tremendous affair. He put his arms round me and I dropped my steno pad on the floor and pulled his face down to me. He pulled away for a second and said: 'You're not going to have any regrets,' and he used my Christian name. I kissed him. I wanted him for me then. We made love across the desk and it was like an hour before, not caring about the consequences. He slid my panties off easily and he just became undone as we kissed and I felt him searching for me. I helped him by taking hold of him and guiding him. I was wet. He ejaculated too soon then because I am tight but he didn't stop and I had a lovely orgasm, all soft and slow and languid.

Quest: You had no regrets?

Secretary: I don't have any at all.

Quest: Do you see other men outside work?

Secretary: I don't need anybody. It has to end sometime and I hope the break will be clean but until then it's just Peter I think of all the time.

Quest: Thank you.

Two **Nurse, 21 years old, brunette, town of origin Norwich**

This interviewee had gone straight into nursing from school. She enjoyed her job but didn't see it as a lifelong vocation. Her parents made her a small allowance to supplement her nursing income. This allowed her to have her own small flat, rather than live in the nurses' hostel.

Quest: How long have you been having this affair with John?

Nurse: Yes, don't use his real name or I'll be in trouble.

Quest: How long is it?

Nurse: Let me see, nearly two, three . . . seven months ago now.

Quest: Can you tell me briefly how and why you met?

Nurse: He came to us for an appendectomy and as I was on ward duty nights that week I bent the rules a bit and sat by his bed now and then.

Quest: You were attracted to him straight away?

Nurse: He had difficulty sleeping on his own. He kept saying so, he was used to his wife in bed with him, the sort of man who needed love and affection. He hated sleeping alone, he said. Not like my boyfriend then – actually I'd just lost him to another girl. He hated actually sleeping in the same bed – preferred to sleep on his own – always accused me of mothering him too much, he did. He always wanted to be up and off and doing so many things. I like to drowse and lie around after sex. After sex he was a bundle of energy. It wouldn't have worked anyway, him being Leo and me being Cancer. But John was Capricorn and he liked affection and being petted. I suppose I was looking for someone to turn to myself when John was admitted. I was pretty well in the doldrums.

Quest: Did he make any physical approaches to you during that time?

Nurse: Not so far as pinching my bottom or grabbing my legs. He wasn't the sort to do that – some male patients do of course, but not John. It doesn't make any difference what you put in their tea they sneak their hands up your skirt when they think you're not aware. Some of the other nurses showed an interest in John because Maureen talked about his bandoodle.

Quest: Sorry.

Nurse: Bandoodle started when the ward sister explained about a man who'd had a penalectomy. She jokingly called it a bandoodlectomy and one of the younger nurses, she isn't very bright, very seriously went round calling it a bandoodle. We all caught on after that.

Quest: Tell me about Maureen.

Nurse: She had an abiding interest in the size of men's penises. She had a lot of boyfriends and she wasn't averse to patting the patients when she tucked them up – ours was a male ward. She was always of the opinion that the size of it was important to making love and that's why she patted the men. But I was John's favourite though. It wasn't just my body, though he did mention that in a roundabout way. He thought me 'all round and soft.' His wife was tall and thin and small chested – I noticed she only visited him twice so I was even more concerned for him. He kissed me once at night. The ward was dark with only small lamps burning at either end and I was getting up to go. We'd been talking about horses – I'm very fond of horse riding, had a pony my father bought when I was at school and I was quite good at it. He whispered something – I had hold of his hand and I bent closer and he said he'd like me to pat him like the other nurse did. He was leaving the next day and Lord knows I'm not sex mad but I'd been without a man for weeks and it was worse for him. Men need sex more and he hadn't had a woman for nearly two weeks either. So I put my hand under the bedclothes and squeezed his penis through his pyjamas only for one squeeze then he gave me a little kiss on the cheek. Maureen was right though, it was a big one and it was already erect, lying up his tummy. I could have squeezed it with both hands easily.

Quest: How did the affair first start?

Nurse: It happened when he came back some time later to have the stitches out. He sought me out specially. One of the reception nurses came for me and I sneaked out of the ward for five minutes – it was in the daytime, I was back on day duty. He had bought me a bunch of flowers and a box of chocolates. I was not only surprised, I was knocked out. Very few remember you after they leave. He said the flowers were for the kiss and the chocolates for the squeeze. I didn't think he was being corny at all. I love nutty chocolates and these were – I eat too many and I'm always slimming because I put on weight quickly. I said it was worth a squeeze and then I blushed because I hadn't meant to say that at all. It started me thinking about him though. He had two tickets for horse racing and he asked me to go with him because otherwise one of them would be a waste. I don't know how he knew but I had a day off coming to me and would have liked to go but didn't know if I could get that actual day.

Quest: Were you thinking in terms of a day at the races of something more?

Nurse: I was thinking of a lovely day out with a nice man who appealed to my better instincts and who thought something of me. I gave him the phone number in the common room and told him I'd try, but to phone me the day before. I did get the day off by changing rota with another nurse. Maureen kept winking at me that week, and telling me to watch out for his bandoodle. Well, I didn't. That day it just seemed to happen. He confided that his wife thought he was at a special one day conference for his firm. I'd never been to a race meeting until then and it was a lovely hot day. It just seemed all right to put his hand on my bottom. We went into this huge white marquee that was dim and musty and cool inside and he bought drinks and steered me back outside with his hand on my bottom.

Quest: What clothes were you wearing?

Nurse: My summer frock. It's got a bodicey neck with a drawstring under the breasts that pulls them tight and makes them show and it flares out below the waist. I did meet him in tights and heels but he said they'd be murder on the grass so he waited while I changed into flat ones.

Quest: But you still wore tights?

Nurse: Yes, but I'm sometimes a silly girl and I took them off to let my legs get brown in the sun and curl my toes in the grass. I got his car key and went back to the car park to take them off in the car. I had my little knickers on underneath so there was no harm. I didn't tell him why I wanted the car key but when he saw I had taken them off he said I had beautiful legs. I carried my shoes in my hand and we walked down the grass towards the river there and sat on the bank away from the horse racing. The odd thing about the meeting was all the men. There weren't many girls there at all. It made me feel

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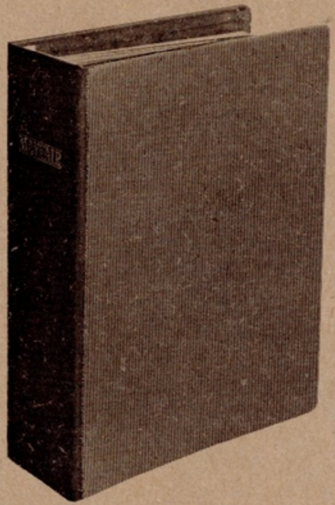

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unique, obviously none of these other men bought their wives or women with them. A bit later we left. John touched me by the river. He said I owed him one squeeze. I laughed and said he was silly as I was. I was lying down with my eyes shut pulling the grass up with my hand where it fell by my side. He said: 'Look.' I raised my head and squinted at him. He was pointing to the mound in his pants. I laughed and said: 'Well that doesn't need squeezing' and dropped my handful of grass over it. It's not the sort of thing I would normally do for any man but it didn't seem to matter what I did or said because he was married and I hadn't really thought of a married man. I let my head fall back and shut my eyes and his shadow fell over my face. I suddenly thought, I must keep my eyes closed because it's a dream. He put his hand on the top of my right breast and I felt the warmth of him rubbing down the skin and under my bra. I think I held my breath. His leg was touching my thigh and I was on tenterhooks to see what he did. When I did breathe in I felt my breast rising hard against his hand. Then there were more shadows of people walking over the top of the bank and walking down past us. I felt John's hand move away. Then he said we should leave. He held my hand across the grass but let go when we got near the people and the cars as though someone might see him, though whether he felt guilty or not I don't know.

Quest: Do you go out with him for the day frequently?

Nurse: I don't know exactly what his job is. We agreed I should never phone him at the office or at home because of the danger of his wife getting to know so though he can get his problems off his chest to me I've only a hazy idea what he does. Whatever it is he manages to get days off to coincide with most of mine. We go down to the seaside for the day if it's hot. If it's not we stay in my cosy little flat. He likes the bath routine. That evening after the races we did the bath and ever since that's his favourite. He likes to pretend I'm his nurse and he can't bath himself. And it ends up with both of us in the bath and sometimes I'm half dressed.

Quest: Do you ever meet in the evenings?

Nurse: Only once or twice have we been able to do that. His wife's quite convinced he can't be up to anything in the day but she's very suspicious of him staying out evenings. Once we made a terrible mistake and his wife nearly found out – we fell asleep afterwards and John didn't wake up till nearly midnight. She gave him a furious rowing and he had to be careful after that. He'd told her he was working late at the office until seven. When he wasn't home by eight she phoned and there was no one there. He panicked when he saw it was nearly midnight and forgot to wash himself as he usually does, and she suspected.

Quest: Tell me about the bath routine.

Nurse: I'm waiting in the flat in a short dress with no underwear and he comes in and I lay him down on the bed and he tells me all his troubles. I cuddle him in my arms and kiss his ears and his face and out tumble all his cares and woes. Then I tell him he isn't looking well and should have a bath and I undress him piece by piece on the bed. When I take his shirt off I kiss him down his chest. Then I unzip his trousers and pull them down a bit and I can see his penis peeping its helmet over the top of his underpants. When I pull his underpants down I run my tongue down it and he always wants me to nip him with my teeth.

I have to be careful. Then I help him up and hold him by the shaft of his penis and he steps out of his trousers and I lead him into the bathroom. Best of everything he likes when I dash water on him while he's standing up and work up a lather of soap on his penis. I cover it with soap and play with it. Then I put water on it and start again. Then he likes me to soap his bottom and all the time my dress gets covered in water and soap and starts sticking to my breasts and my stomach. He does fascinate me there. He is big. I like the squeegy slippery feel of it all covered in soap. When he sits down I have to bend over him to bath him and he pulls the straps of my dress over my arms and scoops my breasts out. They hang over him and he raises his head to kiss them. He sometimes pushes his face into them making them squash against me and then rubs his face round with my nipple between his teeth. That makes me extremely randy. When he wants to pull me into the bath with him he hooks his hand up between my legs and my bottom and pulls me in. I keep my dress on for what it's worth because when it's wet all over he can see every part of me and he thinks that's sexy. He soaps me, too, under the dress so the bubbles come through the material. His hands go all over me and he even puts his fingers in me covered in soap, and round the crease of my bottom. He loves to play in my nooks and crannies.

Quest: Do you make love in the bath?

Nurse: On the day we came back from the racecourse we did. I hadn't done it under water before but since we did it at the seaside in the sea when he pulls my swimsuit off under the water where no one can see, and I take his trunks down. We stand on the sand up to our chests in the water. But in the bath, he had pulled me in and I was protesting because I had my summer frock and my best underclothes on. I agreed to give him a bath because he worked me round to it and I didn't mind a look at him. I enjoyed soaping it because it was almost alive in my hands. I was admiring it like another girl might admire a man with a deep chest on the beach, or a handsome face.

Quest: He pulled you into the bath.

Nurse: I went in with a splash. I thought it was going a bit too far, my best dress too. He pulled me down on top of him and half sideways and his hand went zooming in my sopping wet knickers and he put his finger on the button straight away. Then I felt very warm inside. The water was warm too but it was a different feeling of warmth. He pushed the button round and round and I felt great shivers. Then his fingers went in. The tips of two of his fingers curled round and his hand was cupped round my pubic bone. I could feel his penis almost jerking between my arm and my side. It all happened then. I tried to stand up to pull my knickers off but he bunched the crotch in his hand and pulled me back. He was half standing up and I was back in the bath with him holding my bottom out of the water by the crotch of my knickers like suspended in a sling. The material was wet and had pulled away so there was a gap. My shoulders and head were in the water and I was watching him kneel in front of me. He pulled more and I slid along the bath straight onto him. I thought it was so big it might hurt. I got the soap and I was panting by this time, rubbed the soap on him. He slid in then with a squelch. He pushed down and our organs went under the water. We did it under water then. Usually now we play with each other, drying, and make love on the bed.

Quest: This is an entirely satisfactory relationship for you?

Nurse: Oh, and he bought me a new dress and things after ruining the other one. It shrank so much it was obscene so I still wear it only in the flat for John. It doesn't hardly cover me.

Quest: It is satisfactory?

Nurse: I don't look forward to anything but my days with John.

Quest: Thank you.

Three **Civil Servant, 24 years old, blonde, town of origin Swindon**

This interviewee had been adopted by foster parents as a child. Shortly after leaving school she found herself pregnant by her boyfriend. The baby was adopted shortly after birth and she went down to Cornwall to work and forget during the summer season. She met another boy who brought her up to London where they lived together for a month. She later left him to share a flat with two other girls. She became first a clerk and then rose higher in the Civil Service after taking several exams.

Quest: Sex is important to you?

Civil Servant: I enjoy it. It's not the most important thing. That I've had a baby doesn't mean I'm highly promiscuous, just that I was so light headed I forgot about precautions. All right, I found sex important when I was younger but now, not so much.

Quest: Do you take precautions with Alan (name changed).

Civil Servant: I was allowed to go onto the Pill soon after I had the baby and apart from a lapse now and again I've been on it since. Alan's funny though. He makes double sure. Being married he worries easily. He already has two of his own and the last thing he wants to do is put me that way too. He has a nag that says I just might forget, I just might forget on purpose, accidentally on purpose.

Quest: He wears a condom?

Civil Servant: Always, yes. He's truly a Civil Servant, Alan, though dishy with it. I must give him credit where it's due. The first time we had sex he used one of those tickler things with a coxcomb effect on it. I mustn't be unkind – he treats me too well. Before Alan I didn't know there were so many places one could have it away, really I didn't.

Quest: Tell me some.

Civil Servant: Cars, parks, hotels, flats of friends, stations, even a bus shelter – a bus shelter! That was truly one of the best times for me. It was appallingly wicked but terrifically exciting because it was so dangerous and outrageous. And all that switched me on like nobody's business.

Quest: What about your flat?

Civil Servant: No, not there, the landlady lives on the premises and she's very aware to footsteps up the stairs. Alan would be too worried of trouble and I might be out on my ear myself. Besides the whole excitement of a thing is doing it under other peoples noses isn't it?

Quest: Does Alan work in the same office as you?

Civil Servant: The same building, across the park from where I sunbathed at lunchtimes. Some of us girls used to go down there with our bikinis under our dresses and go down under the trees and slip the dresses off. We sunbathed on towels.

Quest: Which park is this?

Civil Servant: Hyde Park. I still go down there some days when Alan's not with me. Then, the first time I saw him I thought how dishy he really was, fabulous wicked man. He knew two of the girls from his department and I was introduced in the all round tittle tattle. I could see he was interested and I thought, you'll be interested in a minute all right. I was sitting up on my elbows holding my tum in. Men don't notice the stretch marks except when I'm sitting not holding it in. Sometimes they don't then, especially if I have a tan, because they're so small and insignificant anyway. My breasts were poking under and over my bikini top – it was a size too small, some of me was peeping underneath, especially sitting up on my elbows. I smiled at him and he was thinking about my breasts too. I could see him thinking it. Well, I rolled over onto my tummy then and made a show of opening the sun tan oil and trying to rub it on my back. I couldn't manage of course but I had my man right. Would I like him to rub it in for me? Yes I would, please, thank you. I thought his hands were fabulous, I mean

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I enclose a cheque/postal order for £ .... M711 he knew how to use them. He was half massaging me at the same time even under my bra strap up to the back of my neck. That makes me go gaga and my legs twitch. I crooked my legs back from my knees and my feet waved in the air. I loved it. My foot came back and touched something hard and Alan stopped rubbing for a fraction then went on. I wriggled my toes to see what it was but I couldn't work out except he seemed to be breathing harder. I raised my head off my arms to have a look and put my foot back on the ground very quickly. You can guess what it was touching. I'm not a prude but I blushed to my roots. I didn't say anything and Alan was smiling grimly. I didn't do it on purpose – but wriggling my toes! Then Alan said: 'See you later' and stopped and wiped his hands and went. I was puzzled. The girls were all giggles. He's married, they said, but dangerous. Be careful there. His wife's terribly jealous. I asked where he worked. They told me it was the same building, funny I hadn't seen him before, but then it really is a big building, a Civil Service jungle type place with millions of glass partitions and potted plants. He lived out in the suburbs, they told me.

Quest: Did you seek him out? Or he you.

Civil Servant: He me. I was thinking about him and I went to the park to sunbathe again, not with the girls, further down away from them. I didn't know whether I wanted the responsibility of a married man then. I saw him way off talking to the others and I saw them point in my direction, and I watched him walk all the way over, not knowing my own mind, whether to run or stay. I pretended to be dozing when he came. I was on my tummy and the sun was on my back. I felt him flop down beside me. He put his hand on my back. I pretended to come awake. There were people walking to and fro all over. A lot of men do, looking at the girls. Horrors of horrors, I half turned over, coming up on my elbow, I was thinking so muddled about him I quite forgot about my bra strap. Undone! The bra strap and me too! He just stared point blank at my titties jutting down at the grass and horribly it dawned on me. I flopped down blushing again but not before Alan shot his hand out palm up and my breast flopped into it. I didn't know whether to come up again or stay pressed down on his hand. I could feel my nipple moving and going hard. I said: 'Not here, not here, Alan for goodness sake.' I realised what I had said when he replied: 'Where then?' I couldn't reach the straps together. My bra was on the grass and I couldn't draw up both sides to fasten it. I said: 'Please, Alan, fasten my bra up for me.' He didn't pull away. He said, 'Perhaps if you come to the pub for a drink.' I said I would so he took his hand away, and did my bra up. He was waiting for me outside the front of the building that evening. And that was the start of it.

Quest: Did you make love that night?

Civil Servant: No, but I got deliciously fruity and made a pass at him.

Quest: How was that?

Civil Servant: He knew I knew he was married and he had to be back in the suburbs by eight so we only had an hour in the pub and the way we got on I was disappointed it wasn't going on for longer. I wouldn't have slept with him that night but still one hour isn't much fun. He couldn't run me home so he drove me to my bus stop and in the car I put my hand in his shirt and rubbed his chest. I couldn't resist it. I made my fingers wander about tickling him and then put my hand on his thigh when he got tired of that. I didn't touch his dick but I drew a circle round it with my finger and I knew he was aching for me to give him a grope. I didn't though because he'd teased me in the park with his hand on my breast.

Quest: He didn't touch your breast again in the pub?

Civil Servant: We touched thighs in the corner seat, that's all, but there was lots of fruity talk.

Quest: How did it feel to be with a married man?

Civil Servant: He was just a very dishy man. I didn't think about his wife or children because what was important to me was Alan and everything he was. The things he wanted to do and the success he wanted to make, he even wanted to buy a small boat and that's one thing he hasn't bought, otherwise we might be able to do it in that.

Quest: How important is he?

Civil Servant: I was warier first but now I see it leaves me with essential freedom too. It was strange, but the one weekend we had together didn't work. We went to a country hotel when Alan was, according to his wife, at a Civil Service convention in Scotland, giving a lecture on his own subject. And he and I were in a hotel bedroom in the Cotswolds. He kept phoning his wife telling how he was missing her and what was going on – not really going on, but theoretically.

Quest: Why didn't it work?

Civil Servant: It wasn't a pure screw. Oh, we did screw but I lost my freedom somehow. It's one thing being screwed by a dishy man, it's another living with him all the time. Alan is a damn good fuck if I may say so and that's all I want from him, and him from me.

Quest: So your sex is confined to odd snatched hours.

Civil Servant. We came to terms after that weekend when I realised what it was I wanted and now we both get a kick out of an hour here and an hour there.

Quest: Like the bus shelter incident?

Civil Servant: Like that.

Quest: I'm intrigued by that one. Tell me how it was done?

Civil Servant: The fact there were people around made it so crazy. There weren't many, not vast crowds, just the odd couple. The shelter was empty and the nights were getting darker more quickly. He was going to walk me to it from a pub we'd been drinking in. His car was just around the corner. I wanted a cuddle in the car first because my bus wasn't due. I get a Green Line out to Chiswick you see.

Quest: What were you wearing at the time?

Civil Servant: It was coldish weather and I just had a thick maxi over my mini. The usual tights and boots. We huddled in the end of the shelter and Alan opened my coat and I held it round us both. He said: 'Let's do it now.' I said: 'What, here, in here?' And he said yes. I became furiously turned on at the mere thought of it. It was dark enough and the street lamps didn't reach inside. Then he was fingering my titties through my blouse and my bra. My nipples were growing and I was moaning in his ear. I thought a moment and said: 'What about my tights, darling?' or something. But he had an idea for that. My panties were on underneath. He had a penknife. I said: 'What are you going?' He said: 'Keep quiet and I'll buy you a dozen pairs.' He did too. I let him pull them down to just below my mons – my fanny, and he stuck the penknife inside and slit the seam. That was my crutchless tights. Then he put the knife away and his hand was right in there, fingers squirming round the leg elastic of my panties and nipping in and out of me. I heard a low voice and a couple walked past inches away and Alan was working me up to a pitch with his fingers. Was I turned on! I could hardly believe it, and dangerous! I pulled his belt out a couple of notches and unfastened the top of his trousers. I pushed my hand in and caught him. He moaned in my ear again when I ran my fingers over the end of it. His zip slid down with the pressure of my hand urging him inside. My blouse was hanging open and Alan had squashed my titties up over the top of my bra. My skin was all pimply in the cold and they looked unreal bulging upwards and outwards over the bra. He was licking them all over, and I noticed one side of the coat had fallen away because my hand was in his trousers. I didn't care. I was getting so worked up I was begging him to screw me and hard. I was begging in his ear, saying all the rude words I know. I said, is it all right: 'Fuck me,' over and over. The whole situation needed words like that. He lifted his head and pressed right up against me and we both struggled to get it in.

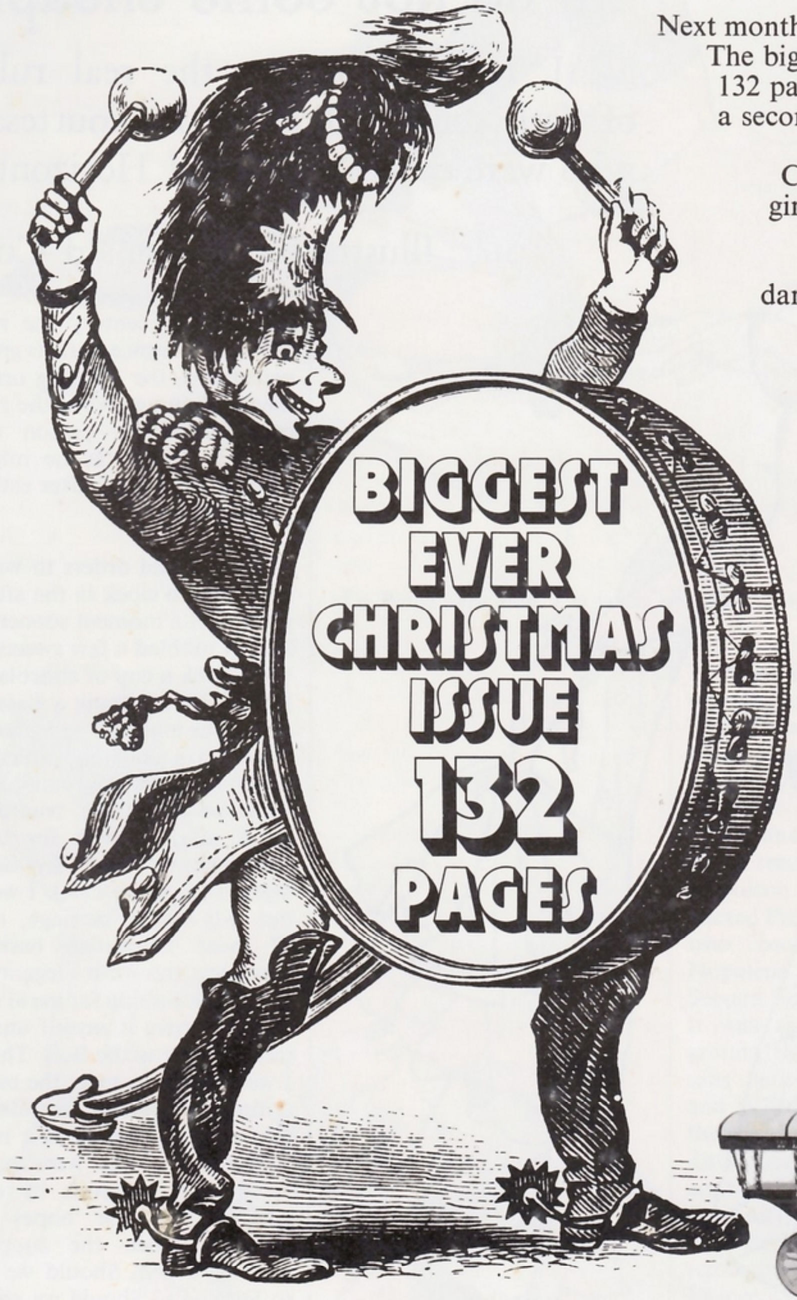
I had to bend my legs and push my mons forward so he could get the angle. I felt him going in and I was moaning and almost coming at the same time. I came very quickly then but Alan suddenly pulled out again as I was still building up and started looking for his condom. I was furious. I told him: 'I'm safe,' and he was so slippery I pulled him into me. He lost control himself then too and I felt him jerking in me. I hung onto his shoulders and dug my nails right into his coat and he came out. My maxi was all open and he bundled it back round me while he was still zipping up. No-one came into the shelter though. I sprawled all over the bus seat going home. I thought of the po faced passengers and thought of what they didn't know.

Quest: And this sort of sex is the fulcrum of your relationship?

Civil Servant: Absolutely.

Quest: Thank you.

Next Month in Mayfair



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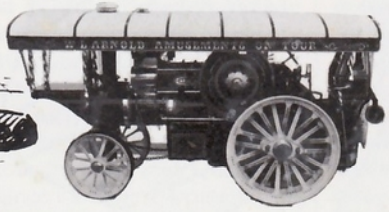

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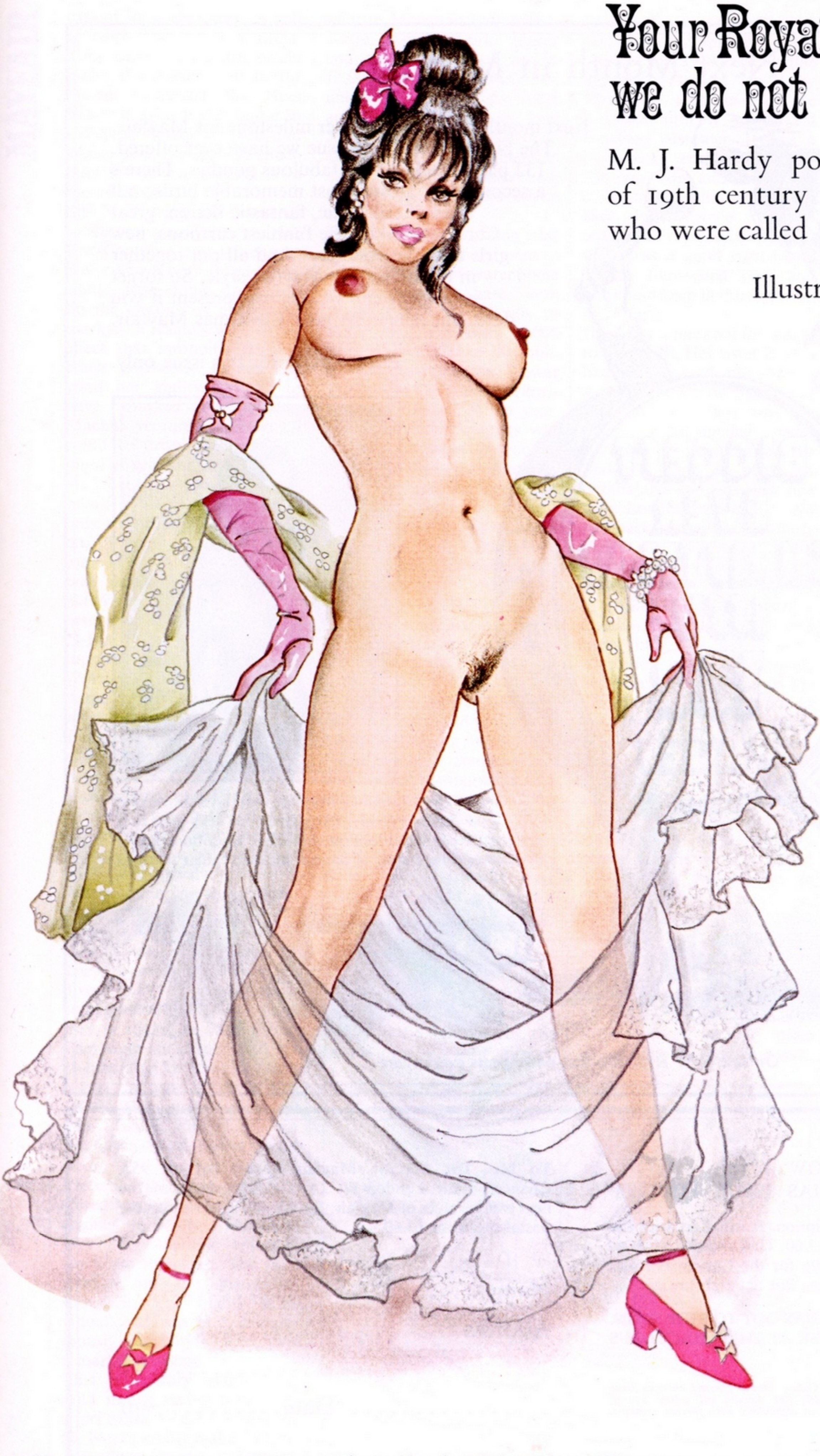
Your Royal Highnesses, we do not come cheaply

M. J. Hardy portrays the real rulers of 19th century France, the courtesans who were called the Grand Horizontals

Illustrated by Ronald Cobb

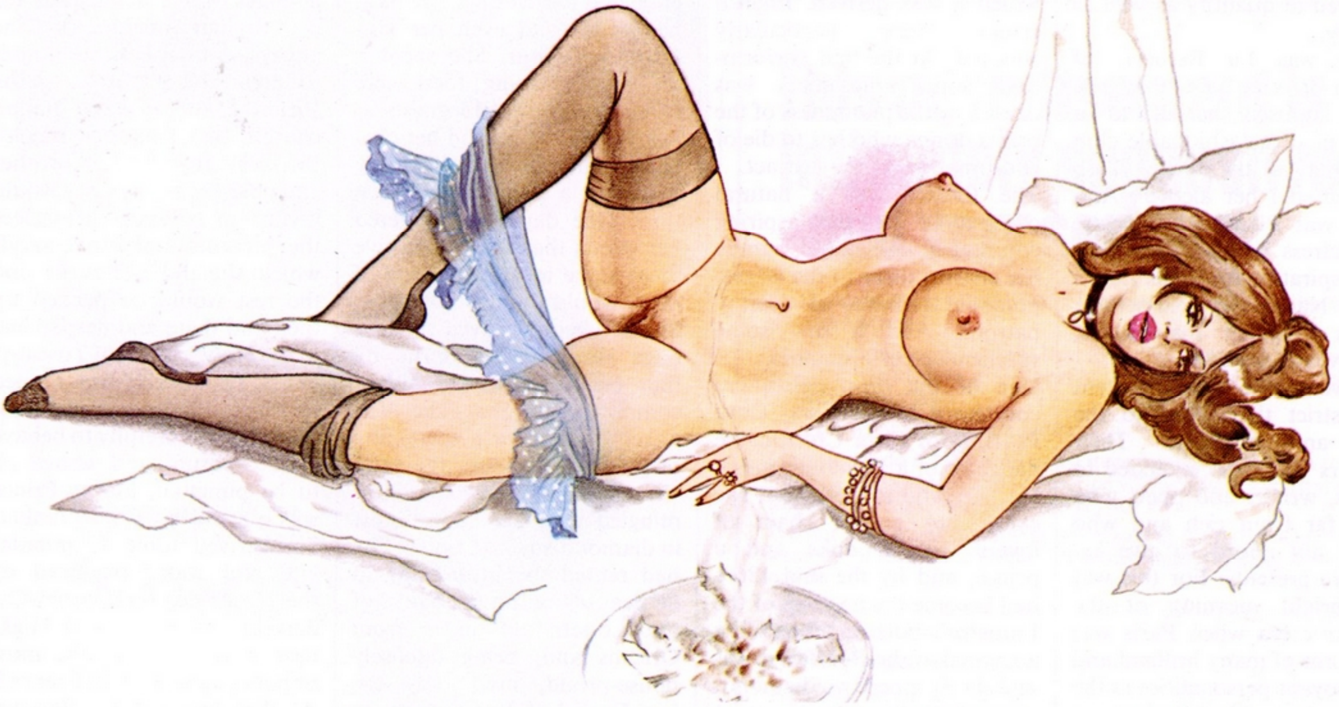


La Barucci dropped her dress before Edward VII

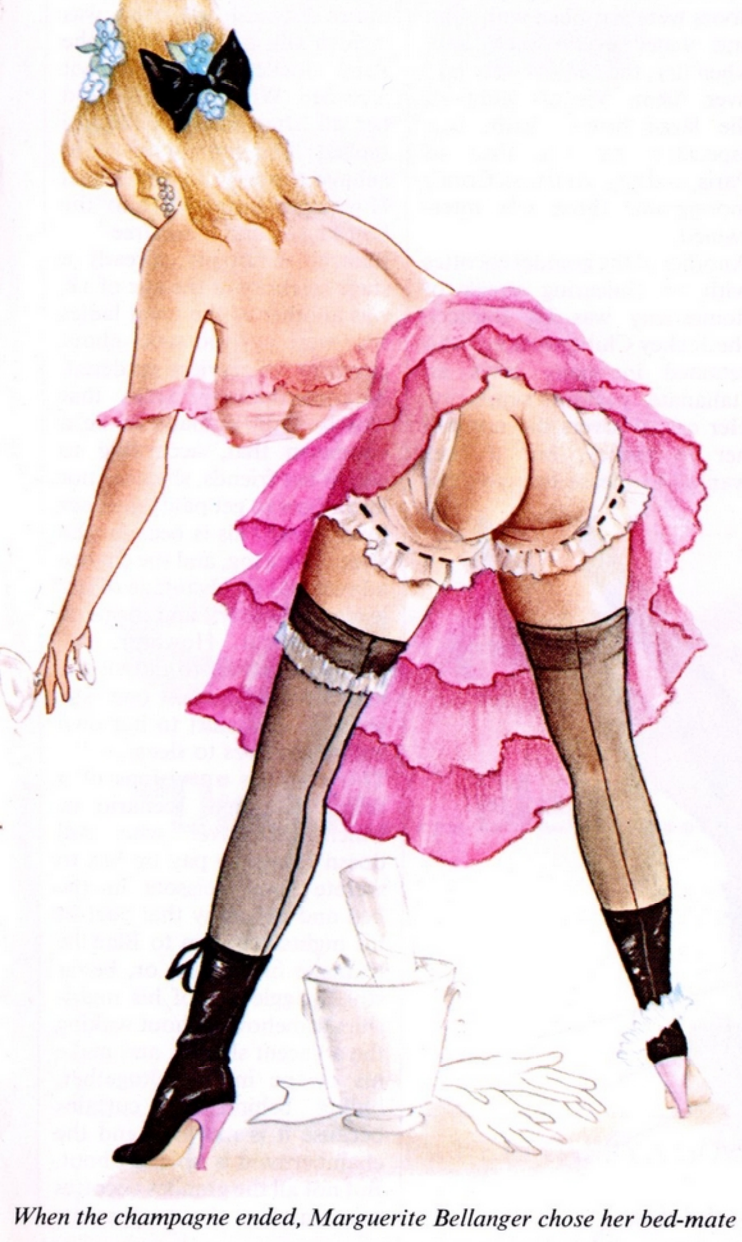
In the 19th century the real Queens of France were its great courtesans, the dazzling ornaments of an age when the rich and aristocratic patron enjoyed a woman as he might enjoy a good cigar after eating his dinner.

'My maid had orders to wake me at two o'clock in the afternoon; not a moment sooner or later. I nibbled a few sweets in bed, drank a cup of chocolate; if I was tired I drank a glass of malaga or madeira, and got up. I put on a peignoir (dressing gown) lined with red satin, and stretched myself out, barefoot, on a sofa, to wait for that indispensable man, my hairdresser. At five o'clock I went out. My basket-carriage, one of those Lilliputian basket-carriages, the most elegant in Paris, was waiting for me at the door. I drove it myself and I usually went to the Bois. There I was certain to meet the most famous mondaines (socialites) of the time, and all the millionaires . . . who were made more than generous by our charms and the hopes of pleasure. Then the suppers were arranged. Should we go to Durand's? Should we go to Voisin's? Should we finish the night at the Café Anglais? When the last bottle of champagne was empty, which of these gentlemen would have the privilege of seeing us home?'

This delightful passage is from the Confessions of Marguerite Bellanger, one of the great courtesans of the Second Empire, whose semi-public liaison with the Emperor Napoleon III lasted for two years. The Emperor himself set the tone of the age with his many and ostentatious love affairs; he enjoyed a woman, he said, as he might enjoy a good cigar after dinner. The times were ones of reaction against the ordeals and defeats of the



La Paiva once said 'I'm yours as long as your bank-notes burn.'



When the champagne ended, Marguerite Bellanger chose her bed-mate

Napoleonic wars and more recently against republicanism. The Revolution of 1848 had made France a Republic, but within a year a violent revulsion of public opinion against disorder and revolutionary excesses resulted in a nephew of Napoleon Bonaparte being elected President, and it was he who became the Emperor Napoleon III in 1852; thus the Second Empire began.

It was against such a background that the great courtesans between the years 1840 and 1870 flourished and made their profession one of dazzling distinction. "Les grandes horizontales" they were picturesquely called, and one who had known many of them wrote that the real Queens of France were these women, who reigned by right of conquest, not by right of birth. Theirs was usually a real rags-to-riches story. Driven to prostitution when little more than a child, often because one parent or both had taken a lover, sometimes enduring the rigours of prison, they survived to be taken up by rich and aristocratic admirers and showered with expensive gifts that enabled them to live in considerable style. Some of them ended up as very wealthy women, although few, if any, can have chosen this way of life to satisfy a craving for luxury.

Theirs was a life-style that must have seemed absolutely dazzling to their sisters or parents, partly because a courtesan, as their chronicler, Joanna Richardson, has pointed out, is less than a mistress and more than a prostitute; 'she sells her love for material benefits but she chooses her lovers' – truly an enviable situation.

This was well illustrated by Alice Ozy, the daughter of a Paris jeweller. She at the age of 22 became the mistress of the Duc d'Aumàle, son of King Louis-Philippe, who reigned until the 1848 revolution. The Duke was not yet entitled to spend his fortune so when, one evening, an unexpected gift of a 20,000-franc carriage, complete with footmen, drew up at the stage door of the theatre where she was an actress, Alice 'allowed herself to be driven away to begin a new liaison, this time with the Comte de Perregaux, the son of the King's banker'.

This freedom to choose lovers according to the gifts they might be able to offer accounted for a certain mercenary streak in the great courtesans – Alice Ozy in her heyday, it was said, asked not for diamonds but for railway shares – but this streak only rarely manifested itself as meanness, and many of the great ladies were generous to a fault.

On the whole they were not the sort of women who went about using sex as a sort of shrimping net, like Myra Arundel in Noel Coward's 'Hay Fever'; it was the men who came to them. These girls believed in quantity as well as quality.

There was La Barucci, of whom it was said that she never refused herself to a member of a fashionable club and that 'all the Jockey Club had entered her alcove'. And there was Blanche d'Antigny, the actress whose career was the inspiration for Emile Zola's novel 'Nana'. Her innumerable lovers included maharajahs, khedives and shahs.

Nor were these women content to restrict themselves to the rich and powerful. Their favours were also extended to artists, writers and poets who were far from rich and who could not afford to give expensive presents. For this was the bright morning of the romantic era when Paris was the home of many brilliant and flamboyant personalities in the arts, often, like Berlioz or Victor Hugo or Balzac, men of genius. These artists were usually obsessed with their illnesses, real or imagined, of the flesh or of the spirit, and individualists to the point of egocentricity.

The courtesans made their own contribution to this hothouse atmosphere. Not only was Zola's 'Nana' based on Blanche d'Antigny, but Dumas' play 'La Dame aux Camelias' was based on Marie Duplessis, the daughter of a travelling tinker, who became the mistress of the Comte de Perregaux after he had left Alice Ozy.

A year after their marriage Marie died of TB when only 23. Verdi's opera 'La Traviata' was based on 'La Dame aux Camelias' and, when first produced in 1853, was regarded, ironically enough, as even more erotic and subversive of morality than the play from which it was derived. English critics were particularly shocked. At the first performance some amusement was caused by the plumpness of the prima donna who has to die of consumption in the last act.

The theatre was a natural occupation for the aspiring courtesan, who could parade her charms there to the largest potential audience of wealthy patrons. And it saw some spectacular performances.

One of the most celebrated courtesans in Paris was Cora Pearl, born Eliza Crouch, the daughter of a Plymouth music teacher, who started what she called her golden chain of lovers with a duke and a prince, and by the mid 1860s had become the mistress of the Emperor's bother. When Cora appeared at the Bouffes, it was said she dropped two diamonds worth 4,000 francs on the stage and left them for the dresser to pick up; they were worth twice the dresser's annual wages.

This performance created a sensation and a count offered 50,000 francs for the boots which Cora wore on stage. An English observer wrote: 'I remember little of the performance except that Cupid played with great self-possession, that she was not much encumbered with garments and that the buttons of her boots were large diamonds of the purest water.'

Not only the buttons, as another observer recalled. 'In one last extravagant gambol,' he wrote, 'she threw herself flat on her back and flung her legs up in the air to show the soles of her shoes that were one mass of diamonds.'

Cora was one of the most dazzling of the grandes cocottes. Parisian women, beginning with those at Court, emulated her clothes, her hair, her habits and even her fantastic behaviour. She spent a lot on entertaining; there were rarely fewer than 15 guests at her dinner parties and her chef argued that he could not buy less than a side of beef at a time. One day Cora wagered her guests that she would give them some meat that none of them would dare to cut.

She had herself served up on a huge silver salver, borne by four men and the astonished company saw that she was naked, except for a sprinkling of parsley. In Cora the prim Victorian housewife intermingled with the exhibitionist in diamond-studded boots. She had rented the little Château de Beauséjour, on the banks of the Loiret four miles from Orléans and, being intensely house-proud, used only the best English Wilton carpets. In front of every door was a mat inscribed with the notice WIPE YOUR FEET. The parquet floors were scrubbed with soap and water every week and, when dry, the carpets were laid over them. Visitors admired the large bronze bath, cast especially by Chevalier of Paris, and engraved with Cora's monogram, three C's intertwined.

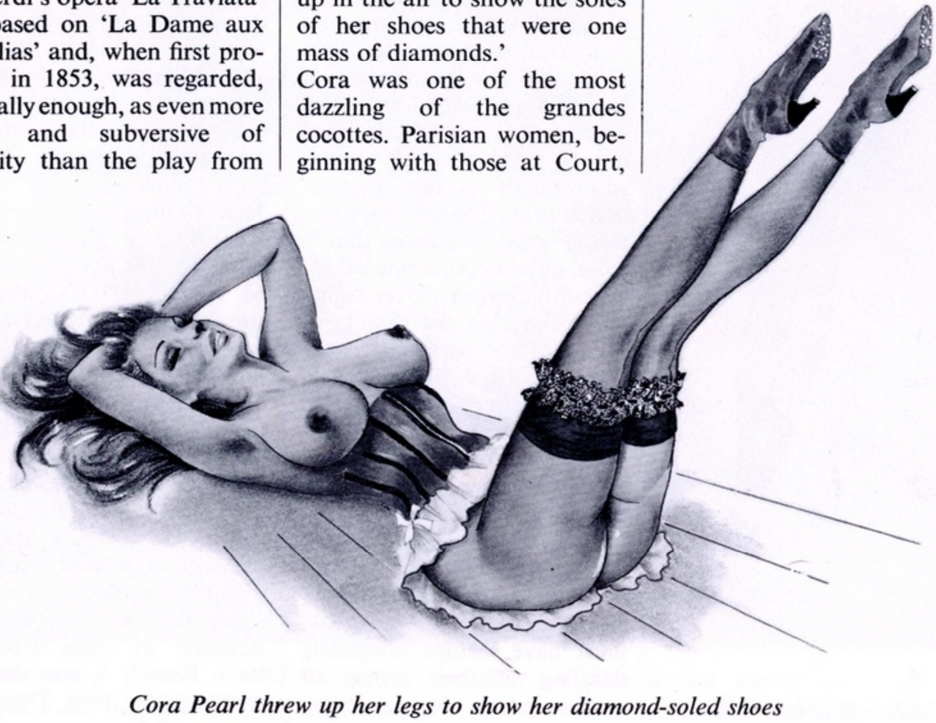
Another of the grandes cocottes with an endearing streak of domesticity was La Barucci, the Jockey Club favourite, who retained in many ways an Italianate peasant simplicity. Her casual lovers did not pay her in money, but if they wanted to please her gave her a length of silk or brocade for her Italian madonnas. She always sent her cast-off clothes to dress the statuette of the Virgin Mary in some Italian church. She kept one day of the week free for her brother and younger sister. They would divide up between themselves the presents and other spoils which she did not want and the rest would be packed up then and there and despatched to the Holy Virgins of Tuscany.

When La Barucci was invited to meet the Prince of Wales she was told carefully to behave with decorum and above all to be punctual, as the Prince was a stickler for punctuality. She arrived some 45 minutes late and was introduced by the Duc de Grammont-Caderousse: 'Your Royal Highness, may I present the most unpunctual woman in France?' At that moment La Barucci, without any warning, dropped her diaphanous dress to the floor. The reaction of the future Edward VII, who was incidentally a member of the Paris Jockey Club, is not recorded. When the Duke told her off afterwards La Barucci replied: 'Did you not tell me to behave properly to His Royal Highness? I showed him the best I have, and it was free.'

Blanche d'Antigny, already a stage celebrity at the age of 18, was another of the great ladies who were not too strict about payment for services rendered. A contemporary wrote that 'she is so little made to be a courtesan that, according to one of her friends, she does not know how to get paid when her lover goes. This is because she sleeps like a log, and the chance admirer takes advantage of her leaden slumber, and beats a quick retreat. However, she has found a way to outwit the man who pulls a fast one: she sews his nightshirt to her own before she goes to sleep . . .'

This conjures up visions of a Brian Rix-type scenario in which the lover who still doesn't want to pay up has to secrete some scissors in the bed and cut away that part of his nightshirt sewn to Blanche to make his escape, or, better still, wriggle out of his nightshirt somehow without waking the adjacent sleeper, and make his escape in the altogether, hiding behind the curtains because it is morning and the chambermaid is up and about.

But not all the grandes cocottes were careless about payment;



Cora Pearl threw up her legs to show her diamond-soled shoes some of them were very much the hard-headed career woman. And probably none other gained so much wealth from this way of life as la Païva, born in 1819 in the Moscow ghetto as Thérèse Lachmann, who later became the Marquise de Païva. Unlike many of her rivals, she was married – at the age of 17 – to a tailor. Unable to bear the thought of spending the rest of her life as a tailor's wife, she left her husband and infant son and worked her way to Paris.

Eventually she landed a really prize catch, an industrialist by the name of Henckel who had extensive mining interests in Silesia in what is now southern Poland. These mines produced coal, iron, zinc and copper. Henckel became her lover and eventually her husband and the wealth from his mines made her a very rich woman. 'All your great ladies want *display*,' la Païva once said, 'and they more or less ruin themselves to be sure of it. I couldn't ruin myself, if I tried. Henckel and his mines are inexhaustible.'

The legend goes that one day two of her guests were walking in the grounds discussing their hostess's fortune, and one of them said that it must be eight to ten million francs. 'You're mad' cried la Païva, coming out of an arbour where she had overheard the conversation. 'Ten million! That would hardly bring in 500,000 livres a year. Do you think that would let me give you peaches and grapes in January? Five hundred thousand francs, that's what my dinners cost.' Whatever the exact figures, they did cost a fortune, with the very finest champagnes; her Clos-Lafite and Château-Larose were regarded as beyond praise. Not only that, the seat beside her bed was solid silver, the staircase of her private *hotel* in the Champs Elysees was made of onyx, and she had sent an emissary to India to find hangings for her salon. And as rich people sometimes are, she was notoriously mean, conscious of every franc she possessed and every centime spent. At her country home at Pontchartrain, it was said, the gardeners were fined 50 centimes for every leaf found on the ground, la Païva in person collecting the fines at dawn.

But on one occasion one of her lovers, Adolphe Gaiffe by

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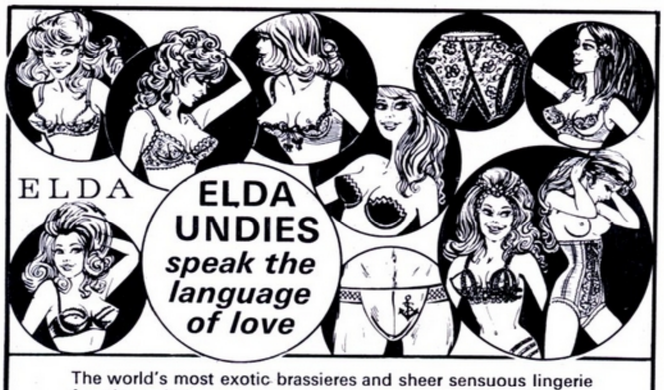
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Picture the perfection of Penny Mallett – on film. See her elegantly aristocratic beauty revealed and then daringly disguised in a makeshift polythene bikini. Filmed at the famous Latin Quarter night club in London, Penny appears as one of the competitors in a beauty contest – a role to which she is well accustomed. But things don't run as smoothly as when she became Bournemouth's most famous beauty queen. In our film, the other girls are jealous of her beauty, and cut her bikini to pieces. But she's not beaten. A few snips of a dry-cleaning bag and she is tantalisingly clad in plastic. Penny's arrival brings the number of films offered by the Film Society to five. And what a selection there is. There's air-hostess Sophie, who spills her duty-free drink on her uniform while alone on a train journey, and decides to change. So she takes off that starched, tight uniform. Watch 'Monroeish' Caroline Dell with her micro-skirted curves dance for you. Then there's Sylvia. She's a dusky beauty with gigantic breasts that clothes were never meant to restrain. And there's Victoria Jane, whose name captures her full English roundness. Watch the soap suds go everywhere as she washes the mud off her pet dog. Mayfair colour films cost £5·50 each. They are approximately 100 feet long and give you an unrivalled chance to see our girls in living, moving colour. All the films are 8 mm, and there is a choice of Super 8 or Standard 8. Please check which one will fit your projector before ordering as they are not interchangeable. If you are buying a new projector, remember that Super 8 gives a larger image than the Standard 8 machines.

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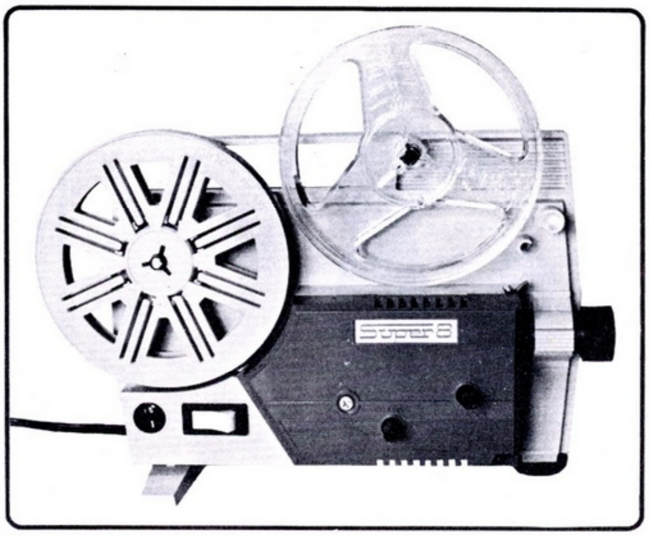

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Grand Horizontals

continued from page 87

name, got the better of her. After pestering her for her favours she eventually gave in, but on one condition. 'Bring me 10,000 francs in notes,' she said, 'we'll set light to them, and I will be yours as long as they are burning.' The next day Gaiffe arrived with 12,000 francs which he could ill afford, and la Païve set the first note alight. Intimacy took place, as they say so delicately in France, with Gaiffe taking advantage of his good fortune 'like a man who knows that time is money.' And when the last banknote had turned to ashes la Païva's young lover told her triumphantly that they had all been forged . . .

Another of the wealthier great ladies was Léonide Leblanc, popularly known as 'Mademoiselle Maximum' either from the number of her lovers, who included Prince Napoleon and the Duc d'Aumale, or perhaps for her fees or for her extravagances. In 1873 the Duke was the Président du Conseil at the trial of Marshal Bazaine, who had surrendered Metz in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870–1, and there were many spectators for this *cause célèbre* involving the national honour. A society woman claimed that Léonide Leblanc had taken the seat given her by the Duke. 'I am dining with Monseigneur this evening,' she exclaimed, 'I shall complain to him of this affront.'

'Ah! so you're dining with Monseigneur,' said Mademoiselle Maximum imperturbably, 'I am having supper and sleeping with him.' Collapse of angry party . . .

It was Mademoiselle Maximum who set out the basic philosophy necessary to the courtesan's way of life. 'If you have a heart,' she wrote, 'wrap it up in your handkerchief and put it in your pocket. The heart, you know, is an extra you must dispense with if you're going to be happy in this world . . . But, above all, before you grant anything, see that you're given: (1) a nice apartment; (2) a few expensive clothes; (3) some splendid jewels. Then, when you're chic, when you have your lackeys, carriages, etc., don't gaily throw your money out of the window, lay by something for a rainy day. Invest your capital.'

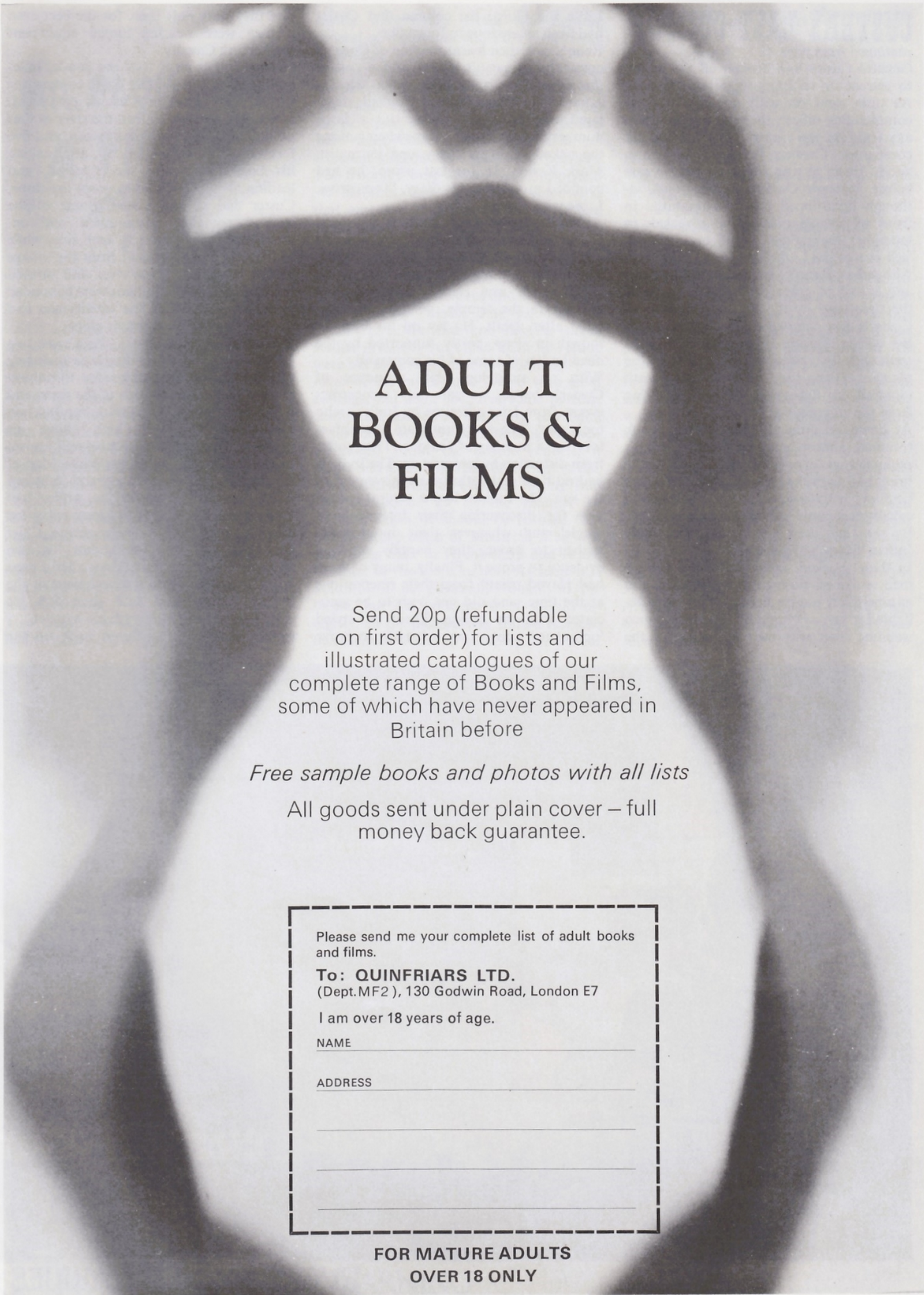
'Buy shares, speculate, speculate . . . Let me repeat, have a single aim: money, and more money, always money.'

Those who followed this advice, whether instinctively or by instruction, really had it made. Women like la Païva or Mademoiselle Maximum could be regarded almost as light industries. They had their maids, their cooks, their servants, their footmen, their gardeners, their hairdressers. They or their admirers gave employment to carriage builders, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, jewellers, silversmiths and all sorts of other craftsmen. Sometimes they inspired works of art like "Nana" or "La Traviata," sculpture or paintings. In purely economic terms they were much more justifiable than might be thought.

By today's standards most of the great ladies did not, from the evidence of period photographs or miniatures, possess striking physical beauty. In today's clothes and hairstyles they would probably pass unnoticed in the street. But they must have had charisma and style and personality in abundance to maintain the positions they did. For they had no expensive educations or finishing schools to give polish to their social graces and yet they were able to compete in society with fashionable women with every advantage of breeding and background.

Yet perhaps the most remarkable feature of these extraordinary women is their essential sanity in coping with a way of life as artificial as the courtesan's. They never allowed the worldly success or the wealth of it all to go to their heads in the way that today's showbiz stars sometimes do. It is significant that among them there was no Marilyn Monroe figure of tragic innocence driven to premature destruction by the pressures of the system around her. Perhaps this was because their early experiences had bred in them a cool professionalism that did not erase the more endearing domestic qualities.

One of the characters in Bernard Shaw's 'Candida' observes that a man has no more right to consume happiness without producing it than he has to consume wealth without producing it. Les grandes horizontales certainly fulfilled the first part of that dictum and they didn't do too badly about the second half either.



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CUSTER'S LAST COCK-UP

continued from page 42

General Custer had broken off the action to retreat or to summon reinforcements. As time went on with no sign of their commanding officer, they did not entertain any fears for the General with his five full companies. Captain Benteen had lost a good friend at the Washita eight years before through Custer's neglect and, although tight-lipped and noncommittal in front of Reno's officers, he revealed, in memoirs, his hidden belief in a similar 'sell-out' at the Little Big Horn.

Altogether, Reno's command had an hour and a half of grace; this obviously being the time used by the Sioux to dispose of Custer's five companies at the far end of the village. During this period, the pack-train with its civilian drivers arrived at the plateau. Then, they were attacked until nightfall by thousands of Indians firing from the surrounding peaks.

At dawn on June 26, the Indian attack resumed, almost breaking through Reno's perimeter at one time. By mid-day, the firing had slackened. In mid-afternoon, the hostiles withdrew and the beleagured cavalrymen could see them breaking camp. By the time dusk had fallen, the whole Indian village had dispersed.

In their shocked, embattled state, Reno's men remained close to their trenches, and at nine-thirty am on June 27, they were delighted to see a column of 500 infantrymen wending their way into the valley of the Little Big Horn; the column that Custer had been so anxious to forestall.

Reno's men then learnt the fate of Custer's command two day's before, and a visit to the ridge three miles down-river revealed a battlefield strewn with the naked, mutilated corpses of 270 men, and a large number of dead horses. Somewhere among the naked dead lay the young journalist, Mark Kellog. In his last prose, he had confided proudly to his diary, 'Tomorrow, I ride with Custer . . .'

Although stripped of clothing, General Custer had not been scalped, and nor was his body marked except by two bullet wounds; one in his left side just below the heart which was slightly blooded, and another in the temple, perhaps administered after death. He lay on his back as though in sleep, partly supported by the dead bodies of some of his command.

With no surviving white witnesses of Custer's battle, we can only reconstruct events from later accounts by Indians who took part. These accounts are unsatisfactory for a number of reasons. They suffer from distortion by interpreters. The Indians had no time scale other than movement of the sun. The Indians had a natural animal flair for discovering their interrogator's 'angle' and whatever their interrogator wished to prove, they happily supplied evidence to prove it. Finally, many of them had played truant from their reservations at the time, and did not wish to be associated with the killing. These self-styled 'onlookers' went to naive lengths to prove that they were only there for the beer even if they were wearing looted equipment marked 7th Cavalry.

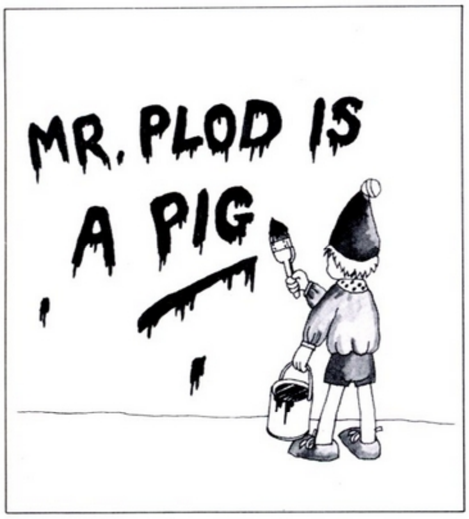
However, it is clear that the gentle, mile-long grassy slope leading down to the river was a death trap for Custer's command. It was not possible to ford the river at that point; the banks being soft, steep, and five feet above the water line. So, after calling his bugler to sound the 'Charge', and leading his five companies down the slope, Custer had to call a halt. Some of the leading company dismounted and examined the river banks to each side, while Indians on foot hastened from the village to the far bank of the river and opened fire upon them. The Indians were concealed by brushwood, while the cavalrymen had no cover on the bare, grassy slope.

Unknown to the General, there were two safe crossing fords a half-mile to each side of him. The crossing-places led to natural ravines on the cavalry side of the river, and these ravines curved up and around to join Custer's grassy slope high above his position. They were, of course, well known to the Indians. Chief Lame White Man of the Cheyenne tribe led several hundred of his followers up one ravine, while Chief Gall of the Uncapapas (a Sioux tribe) led a similar group up the other ravine. Chief Gall had just discovered that his two squaws and three children had been killed, either by Reno's detachment or the Indian scouts, and had discarded his rifle. He wanted to kill with his hatchet.

Custer had led the column back up the

Get to know Peter Stuyvesant

EVERY PACKET CARRIES A



slope, but angling off to the left as though intending to seek the ford further down river. He must almost have reached the top of the slope with his command strung out behind him when Chief Lame White Man exploded on to his left flank from the ravine and sliced into the column of fours. Those companies below the assault were cut off from Custer. They dismounted, and formed a skirmish line. The Sioux snipers in the brushwood crossed the river on foot and, using the near bank as perfect cover, poured a withering fire at them. The companies higher up the slope were simultaneously attacked by Chief Gall's men on the other flank.

Two other war-chiefs besides Gall who had switched from Reno's front to that of Custer were Crazy Horse (the fighting general of the Sioux) and Low Dog of the Ogalallas.

When these leaders with their reinforcements burst onto the field of battle, all was total confusion, dust and smoke. From the positions in which the cavalry bodies were discovered, it was clear that no coherent organisation had been possible. The troopers were armed with Springfield .45 carbines, and it was later discovered that any dirt or grease on the cartridges made this rifle particularly prone to jamming on ejection.

In the words of a Sioux war-chief . . . 'Some of these soldiers became foolish; many throwing away their guns and raising their hands, saying "Sioux. Pity us. Take us prisoners.". We did not take a single soldier prisoner, but killed them all. None were left alive for even a few minutes.'

Most of the cavalrymen fought with great courage, but some few, overcome by fear, committed suicide . . . and one can think of no action so sadly demoralising for their comrades. From the hostile reports, it seems that Custer was one of the last to die. Long afterwards, in Canada, Sitting Bull was questioned as to the manner of Custer's death. It should be realised that Sitting Bull's office of Medicine Man was something akin to Archbishop and Prime Minister of the Sioux nation. As such, it is doubtful if he physically fought in the battle, but his evidence is of special integrity. In the picturesque, Indian fashion, he describes Custer as 'standing like a sheaf of corn with all the ears fallen around him'.

'Not wounded?'

'No.'

'How many stood by him?'

'A few.'

'When did he fall?'

'He killed a man when he fell. He laughed.'

'You mean he cried out?'

'No. He laughed. He had fired his last shot.'

'From a carbine?'

'No. A pistol.'

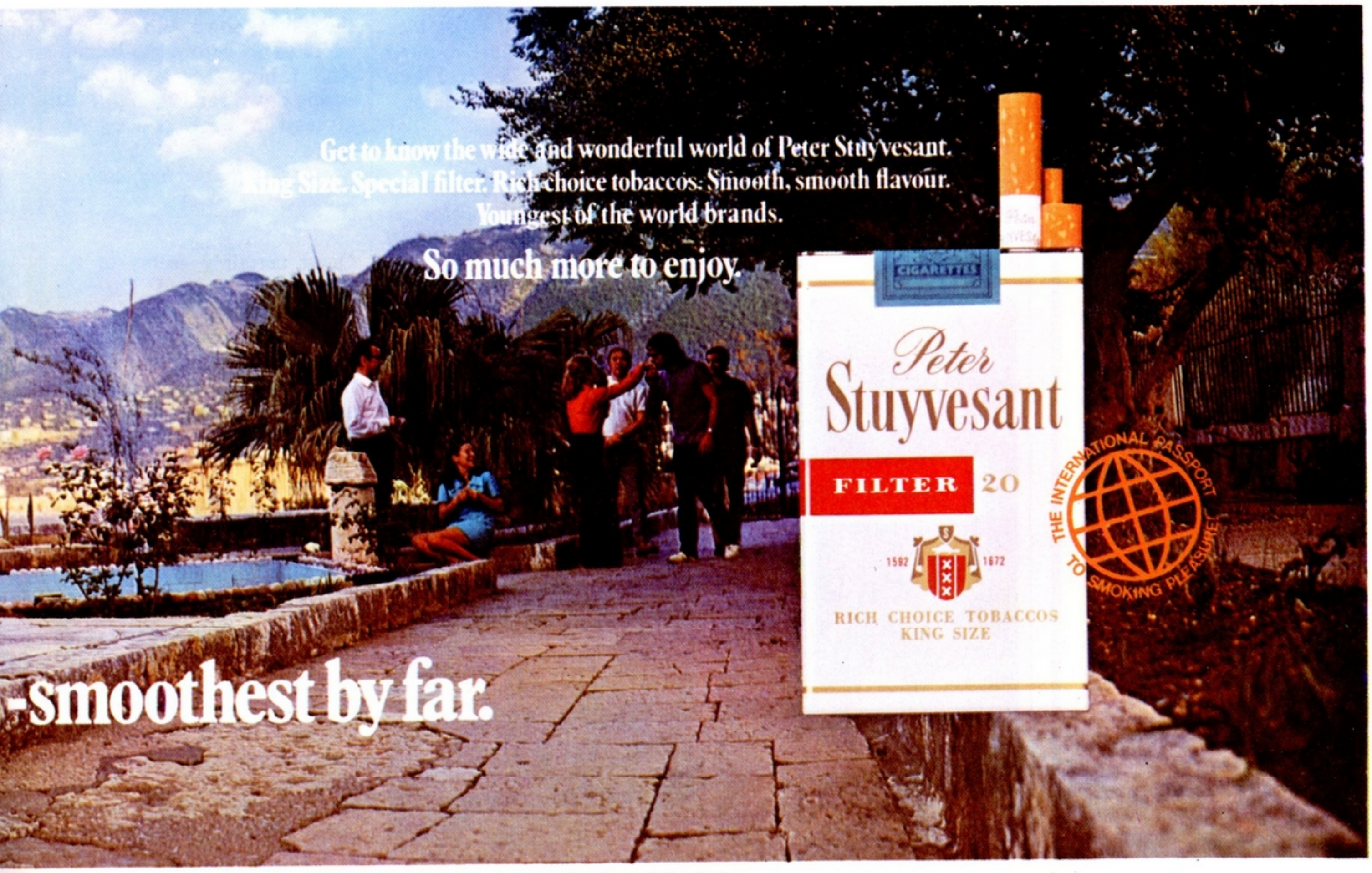
'Did he stand up after he first fell?'

'He rose up on his hands and tried another shot, but his pistol would not go off.'

The traditional Indian religion incorporated a belief that the Great Spirits who lived in the sky set men against each other on this Earth for their own malicious sport; a nice piece of subjective rationalisation of Freudian behaviour, and in keeping with the Custer debacle. Perhaps the latter reflected in his last moments that whoever would face a court of enquiry for this shambles, it was outside his own future province . . . and he laughed.

Custer had spent a lifetime 'playing the gallery'. It seems as though all the posturing and conceit of his fifty-two years had conspired to bring him to this final moment of truth. The script was all wrong, and the scenario was being manipulated by an enemy director whom he despised, and yet . . . he laughed.

Arrogant, stupid, culpable . . . ? Yes, but by the standards of any century, this was surely a Man.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LETTERS

continued from page 14

my zip. A moment later she began exploring my hardness with her mouth and her hands. She suggested that we go up to my room and when we got in she immediately began to peel off her clothes.

I never thought I would be glad when she finished but I was. She wouldn't let me do any work. She insisted on being on top of me for the five or so times we made love and each time she explored me with her mouth to make me erect again. She told me that she worked on a farm at weekends with horses and I'm sure it would take a horse to satisfy her because I was well and truly worn out. That happened nearly every night for several weeks until she went away to another part of the country. In a way I was relieved at the opportunity to have a rest.

J.B., Devon, Torquay.

It seems to me, from reading previous issues of *Mayfair*, that you have greatly promoted the sexual prowess of nurses. Some poor bastard will break his arm just to get into hospital, only to leave with a dampened ego, and one painful arm. This is not surprising considering the tongue-in-cheek articles that you have presented to us on this subject. However, I must confess, they were terrific articles.

As you've probably guessed by now, I am dating a nurse, who I thought, at the beginning, was going to be my sex instructress, but this was not to be so. When I first met her she was 21 years old, a girl of the world who had spent three and a quarter of those years at one of London's most prominent hospitals. But she was a virgin, and her outlook to sex was very naive. True, her knowledge of the male body was good, but she just didn't know what it was all about. Being a man of the world, and her an eager pupil, it was decided that I teach her the ins and outs (if you'll pardon the expression) of love-making.

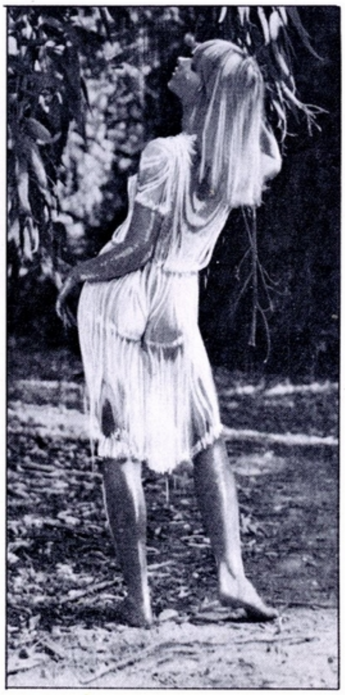
Furthermore, most of her friends, who are nurses, aren't raving nymphos either, just normal girls trying to throw off this burden that people have thrown onto them. Of course, this is not going to stop me from reading *Mayfair*, but I think a little more home-truths to the would-be patient wouldn't go amiss. May I also add that my girlfriend knows a lot of teachers, and it seems that it's a waste of time them wearing knickers.

AGS., Slough, Bucks (full name withheld)

Taking that old theme ''Tis better to conceal than reveal,' I thought it would be an idea to see what might have resulted if one of your models had been suitably clad during the photographic session.

R.W.J., Ruislip, Middlesex

Thanks for the excellently amended drawing, which is reproduced with the original below.



I was very interested in your article Spanks Awfully because I believe that caning, in some cases can do nothing but good. There was a time a few years ago when my wife never seemed to do much around the house and we seemed to be having continuous rows about it, until one day I threatened to cane her. She said that I wouldn't dare, so I took her into our bedroom and made her remove her panties and bend over a chair. I then applied six hard strokes with a thin bamboo cane that I use for a house plant. Since then things have improved immensely. I no longer get tensed up and lose my temper, and she knows what to expect if things are not up to standard.

A.L., Bishop's Stortford.

Mrs Baird's letter on page six of Vol. 7, No. 8 gave me much food for thought.

I had never heard of the word 'bondage' before but I can imagine what it means. But is it not mutual? In other words, does Mrs Baird occasionally get her bottom smacked? Also, when the Bairds get home, does Mrs Baird use a cane, or a hair-brush or what?

Whatever happens, I imagine she takes down those 'sexy' white pants before she begins. And I hope Mr Baird finds sitting down rather painful for at least a week (Lucky Mr Baird).

Mark G., (name and address witheld)

Quest certainly seems to hit the nail on the head. The case of the girl with glasses who considered herself unattractive in your 'Spontaneous reactions' investigation was not unlike an incident which happened to me two years ago when I was hitch-hiking on the A40.

A university student in a battered old mini stopped to give me a lift and after determining that she could take me 20 miles we both talked quite freely. I was 16 at the time and I suppose she was about 20. She was very plump, wore spectacles and was dressed in a normal blouse and not very short skirt.

It was a very hot day and after we had driven a few miles she asked if I minded stopping for a drink. I naturally said no and we turned off into a side

turn to page 98

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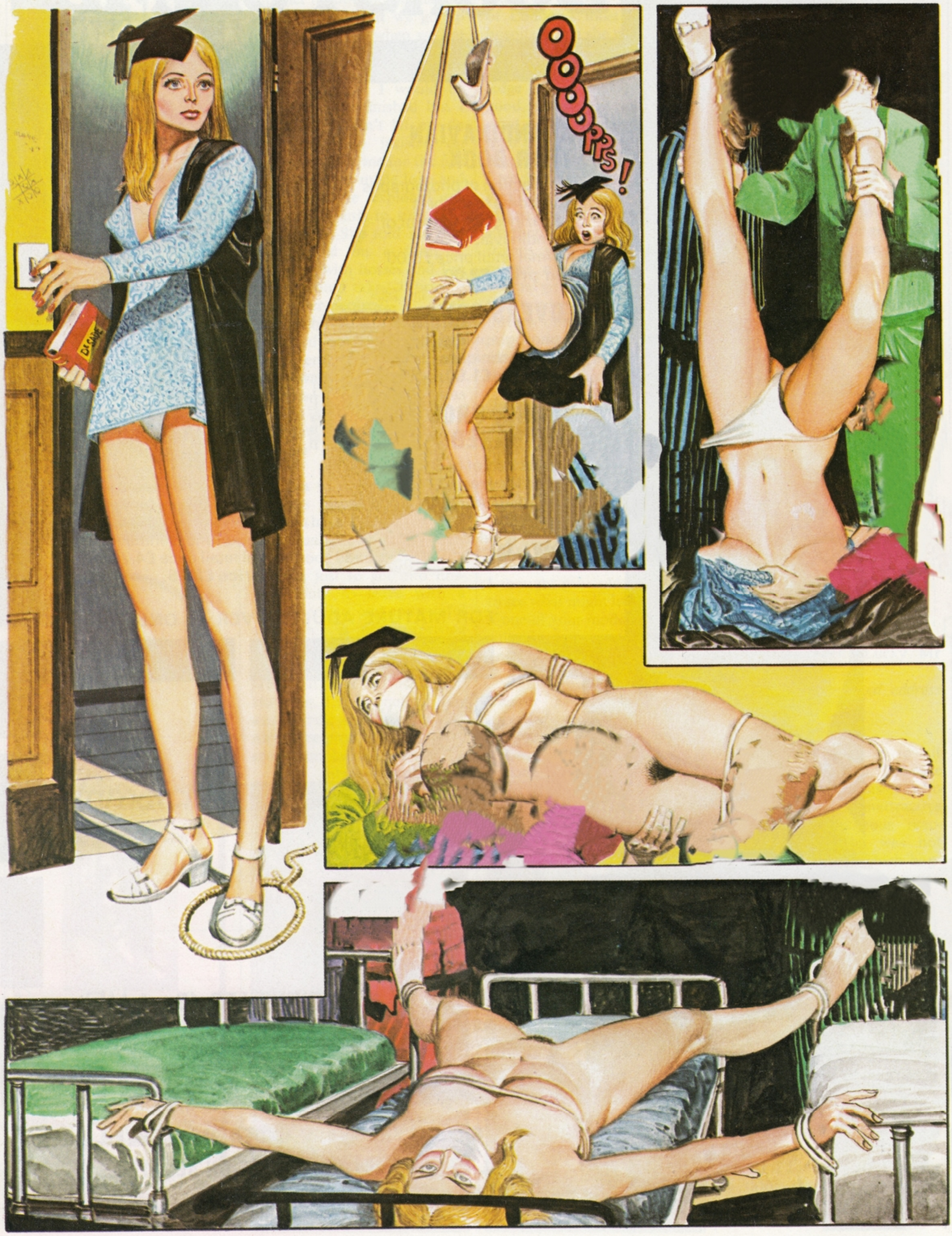
Oh the shame, the pain, as our wayward strip girl gets the cane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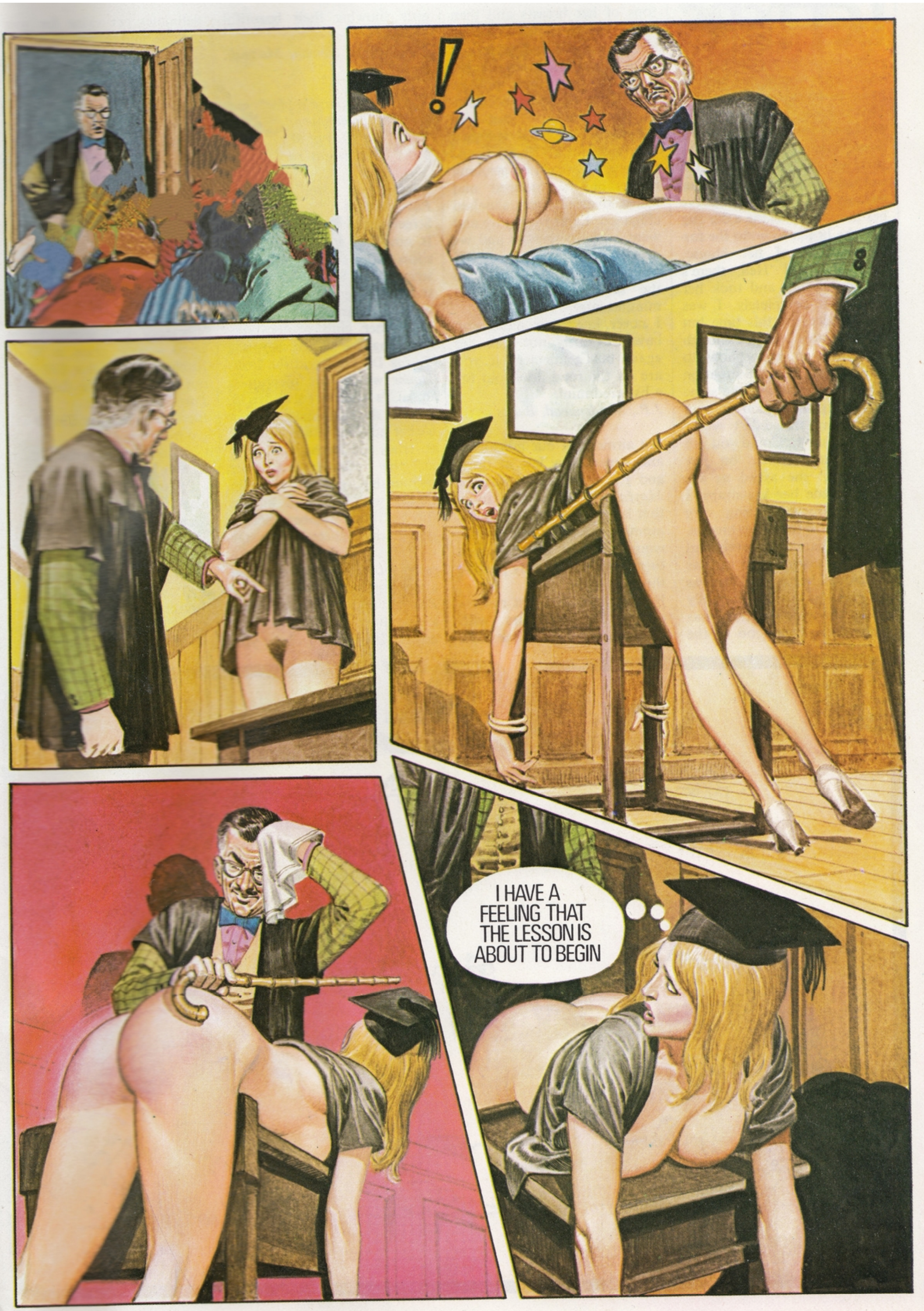
I HAVE A FEELING THAT THE LESSON IS ABOUT TO BEGIN

LETTERS

continued from page 94

road and found a parking place at the entrance to a field. This is great, I thought as she produced some cans of coke. Then, and even more to my surprise, she said she felt like sunbathing for half an hour because she wanted to improve her tan. So out came a car rug and she began to undo the top few buttons of her blouse. Then she said 'Hell, there's nobody about,' and took her blouse off completely. I was quite excited by this time but unfortunately I hadn't enough experience to know how to take advantage of the situation (I wish I could have the same chance again) which is probably why she didn't worry about doing it. 'Could you rub this suntan cream on my shoulders,' she asked as she moved aside her bra-straps. I gingerly obeyed, being very careful not to touch her breasts. 'Oh your hands are lovely and cool, don't stop,' she said as she closed her eyes. This was too good to miss! I gradually moved lower down until I was rubbing the cream on to the tops of her breasts and then she began to move in such a way that more and more was becoming visible every minute. Suddenly one nipple popped out and as she made no move to tuck it back in I began to rub cream on it. It stiffened almost as quickly as my penis. However I carried on stroking her until she moaned and rolled over. I guess she had climaxed. Later we got up and went back to the car and we drove away with my penis still aching. She dropped me off in the same condition a few minutes later.

I never knew her name and have obviously not seen her again but gentlemen, if you are on the road, look out for a battered mini.

J.P., Maidenhead, Bucks.

We airmen get our magazines and papers very late at times and I find we always wait for *Mayfair*. It's the only thing that keeps us sane out here for months on end. There are no women here at all, and when there are they are only passing through.

Is it me, or am I just not receiving the Mayfairs with them in, but I never see dark girls showing their beautiful bodies.

An admiring airman, Masirah, BFPO 65

You seem to have a black spot in your communications. Try Vol 7, No 10, Vol 6, Nos 1, 4, 8 . . . Need we say more?

I have been a regular at the *Phoenix* club in Old Compton Street since it opened.

It now has a fully produced show with some of the top strippers in Soho and a high standard of entertainment that can match and probably beat any other club of its type, including the *Revue Bar*, the *Casine De Paris* and the *Dolls House* which was mentioned in A.C.'s letter in Vol. 7, No. 8. Also in the same issue, and an earlier edition, letters referred to Tracy and Rachel appearing at the *Phoenix*. Another memorable girl is Romain Pascal who was well known for her bath number. She is now back as special guest star with Tracy and Rachel in the same show. All three are now appearing exclusively at the *Phoenix*, and it is harder to get a seat now than it ever was before. It is a club where you definitely get value for your money and I am sure that many people who have been will endorse my opinion.

K.T., High Wycombe, Bucks.

I read your Vol. 7, No. 7 with a lot of interest, particularly your sex-shop survey.

I think that most of the companies in this country ask the customer for an excessive price, just to increase their profit margin.

For instance:

Air-filled clitoral stimulator for £2 – we offer the same item for £1·60.

Vibratory penis stimulator for £6·50 – our price is £5·10.

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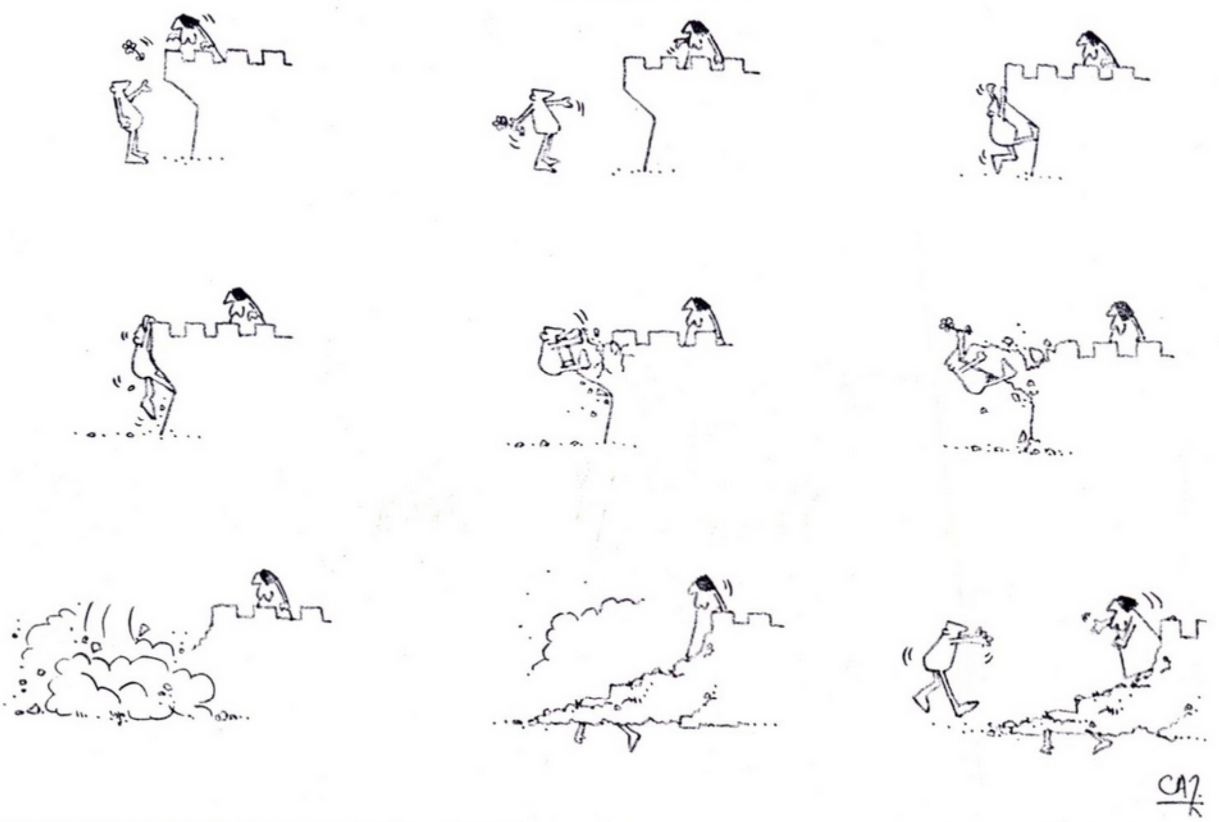

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